A CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE ASHORE AND AFLOAT

CHAPLAIN JONES
U. S. Navy

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

A. W. Jones

Sept 13. 07.

NC Author

See Preface

Yours Truly
Chaplain Jones
United States Navy

A CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE

ASHORE AND AFLOAT

The "Texas" Under Fire

BY

REV. HARRY W. JONES, A.M., D.D.,

Chaplain U. S. Navy.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

NEW YORK:
A. G. SHERWOOD & CO.
47 Lafayette Place.

Copyright, 1901,
by
HARRY W. JONES.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

E727
J71c

DEDICATION.

TO the memory of Rear Admiral John W. Philip, United States Navy, the beloved Commanding Officer of the battleship "Texas," under whom it was my honor to serve during our war with Spain, and who on June 30th, 1900, in obedience to the summons of his Great Commander-in-Chief, passed away from the battles of earth to the rest and the rewards of heaven, this book is most tenderly and reverently dedicated.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been frequently requested by many friends to put in book form the experiences in life through which I have been called to pass. Hitherto I have declined to do so, and have only consented now with the hope that perhaps something in the following pages may be helpful to young men who are contending with discouragements and whose pathway seems beset by peculiar difficulties. If there is anything narrated here that will cause some despondent brother to "take heart again," I shall find in this my greatest joy and richest reward.

The experiences especially of the past two or three years as Chaplain in the Navy often seem to me more like a dream than a reality. Of these thrilling events I have endeavored to place before the public a true and faithful account.

Perhaps I may add that twenty-five per cent. of the profit from the sale of this book is to be given to the Trustees of Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, North Carolina, for the purpose of aiding deserving young men who are struggling to obtain the advantage of an education.

H. W. J.

ALDINE BOOK CO. NOV 25 '42 LIBRARY SETS

448949

CONTENTS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

How I Came to Be a Minister, and How I Came to Preach my First Sermon 1

CHAPTER II.

My Seminary Days and Their Trials 9

CHAPTER III.

My First Pastorate 17

CHAPTER IV.

With the First Baptist Church, Stepney, Conn. An Interesting Wedding 27

CHAPTER V.

A Meeting for Men at White Hills, Conn. An Important Person Present 41

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VI.

A Fox Caught in his Own Trap. An Interesting Trial at Monroe Court House 49

CHAPTER VII.

A Visit from my Sister 61

CHAPTER VIII.

Two Peculiar Weddings 67

CHAPTER IX.

As Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Arlington, N. J. 71

CHAPTER X.

Brotherly Love 85

CHAPTER XI.

My Dream, and News from Washington 89

CHAPTER XII.

The Close of my Ministry on Shore 101

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

First Orders to Duty 109

CHAPTER II.

Chaplain of the U.S.S. "Texas" 119

CHAPTER III.

My First Cruise 131

CHAPTER IV.

A Bar Harbor, Maine, Experience 141

CHAPTER V.

Blowing Up of the "Maine" 149

CHAPTER VI.

Forty-eight Hours' Leave 157

CHAPTER VII.

The Flying Squadron Goes to Sea under Sealed Orders 167

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Going in of the "Merrimac" 179

CHAPTER IX.

Under Fire 187

CHAPTER X.

A Burial under Fire 197

CHAPTER XI.

Going Over the Mines 211

CHAPTER XII.

The Landing of the Army 219

CHAPTER XIII.

The Army Failed to Connect 227

CHAPTER XIV.

Destruction of Cervera's Fleet 231

CHAPTER XV.

On the "St. Louis" with Admiral Cervera 247

CHAPTER XVI.

The Disappointment of my Life 263

CHAPTER XVII.

A Visit to my Mother 271

CHAPTER XVIII.

Renewing Old Acquaintances 285

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOSE.

Chaplain of the "Chicago" 291

PART I.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A CHAPLAIN ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I CAME TO BE A MINISTER, AND HOW I CAME TO PREACH MY FIRST SERMON.

LATE one Saturday night in May, in the year 1886, I was sitting in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association at Saugerties, Ulster County, State of New York, where I was General Secretary of the Association; a number of young men were in the rooms, some were reading the various magazines, others were amusing themselves playing chess or checkers. I was at my desk preparing my Bible lesson for the Bible-class which I was to conduct the next afternoon. One of the young men suggested that it was time to go home, and we were preparing to leave the rooms when Mrs. Conklin, the wife of the Rev. J. J. Conklin, pastor of the First Baptist Church, came in and inquired for

me. I greeted her, and she informed me that Mr. Conklin was over at the parsonage confined to his bed and would like very much to have me go over and see him, if I possibly could. I went, and found him quite sick. Extending his hand, he said: "I am delighted to see you, my dear brother, but I know that the request I am about to make will be very sudden. I am ill, as you see, and, unless I can secure some one to fill my place, our church will have to be closed to-morrow. So I want you to preach for me, morning and evening." I replied: "Well, I should say it is sudden; and feel I must decline, as I never preached a sermon in my life and could not begin to prepare two sermons to be delivered to-morrow." He persisted in his pleading, promised me the aid of his prayers and assured me if I consented that God would be with me, and that, if I looked to Him, He would aid and bless me. After a great deal of persuasion, I consented. Going home, I went to my room, got my concordance, and immediately began to look for a verse for my morning subject. I had no idea what to preach from, but at last I found the words: "Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." I began writing and found my thoughts came much faster than I ever anticipated, and by daylight I had prepared a sermon for the morning service.

At ten o'clock, I left the house, after having asked God to bless me, and went over to the church. I felt very nervous as I went up into the pulpit; in fact I was never so nervous before in all my life. As I rose to give out the first hymn, to my joy and delight, who should come in but dear old Dr. Longyear, who at one time was pastor of the church. At the close of the hymn, I invited him into the pulpit. As soon as he had taken his seat I announced to the congregation my pleasure in welcoming to his old pulpit our beloved Doctor, and at the same time assured them of the great treat in store for them, as they would listen again to his familiar voice, expounding God's truth that morning. I felt greatly relieved, and requested the Doctor to give me the chapter he wished me to read. He replied: "Read the chapter you intended to read, my dear brother." This I did; at the close of which I asked him to lead us in prayer. In a very firm, earnest manner he commended me to God and asked Him to bless the young speaker of the morning, as he would preach his first sermon. I enjoyed the prayer, but at the same time was greatly disappointed, as I fully expected the Doctor would come to my assistance. I announced the second hymn and sat down by the side of the aged minister. He took me by the hand as a father would his son, and, looking right

in my face, said: "My dear boy, you would have preached if I had not come this morning, so go right along and forget that I am here. Should there be time at the close of your remarks, I will have something to say, but I cannot preach for you, as there is no knowing what the consequences would be if you disobey what I consider a direct call from God to speak to-day." Summoning up sufficient courage, I gave out my text with fear and trembling, and then began speaking on the subject, pleading the importance of the present time and presenting the blessed assurance of reward should we obey the invitation of the text. I spoke about twenty minutes, when I took my seat. Before I had time to say a word to the Doctor, he was on his feet, beseeching God to bless the message which had been delivered to them. Then, addressing the people, he told how pleased he was that I had done the sensible thing in selecting for my first text a verse from the blessed Book that was so simple, and one that I understood so thoroughly. Continuing, he said many men in their first attempt at preaching tried to deal with difficult portions of the Book, and their efforts proved a failure; but he was convinced that if I decided to enter the ministry, and continued to preach the simple Gospel as I had done that morning, God would give me many jewels for my crown. I was greatly overcome

by the earnestness with which he spoke, and with the kindly way in which he had endorsed my feeble effort. After the benediction many of the people of the church thanked me for the helpful message, and said they would ever remember the service of that day.

Returning home, I got on my knees and rendered thanks to God for His assistance, and asked Him to bless the service which I was to conduct that evening. I was led to select a subject especially adapted to young men, and as I was engaged in young men's work, felt more at home in treating a subject addressed to them. I prepared therefore more of an informal talk on "Spiritual Railroading; or, the Reasonableness and the Desirableness of Religion," and had a blessed time speaking that night. The church was crowded. I returned to my home feeling that possibly it was Providence that had placed me in the pulpit that day. I felt different from what I ever had before in my life. I promised God that if it was His will that I should be a minister, and He would make it plain to me, I would obey.

The following Thursday evening I was unable to attend the prayer-meeting, but Friday morning the aged clerk of the church came to the rooms and handed me a letter. I opened it and found there a certificate. The old

man was staring at me, his face all aglow, as I read the license authorizing me to preach, and which made me practically a minister, excepting that I was not allowed to administer the Lord's Supper or to baptize. Then he said: "Brother Jones, the church voted you last night this license, giving you its endorsement to preach whenever the opportunity presented itself, as the members felt that you deserved it." It was not long after this that I began receiving invitations from all the small churches of the surrounding country, to go out and speak for them. I accepted many of them, and had a grand time visiting these outlying fields. At last I was called to Wisconsin to take charge of a Young Men's Christian Association in that State. At Little River there was a French Presbyterian Church without a pastor, in fact the church was too poor to engage one. A committee waited on me, and asked me to go out and preach for them Sunday evenings. I consented to do this, and for a year or more preached in that church. I had every reason to be encouraged, the congregation kept increasing, but still I fought the idea of devoting myself wholly to the Christian ministry. The urgency of the impression wore off, and I promised God that if He would allow me to enter again my business calling, I would serve Him as best I could with my means and otherwise.

Going to church one morning I heard the Rev. Doctor Chadwick, the Methodist minister, preach an earnest sermon to young men, pleading with them to devote their lives to the cause of the Master, and if they felt called to enter the ministry, to yield to the invitation. Then, in a tone of voice which I shall never forget, he said: "Young man, will you be a minister of Jesus Christ?" As he said it, he pointed his finger directly at me. I was overcome, but said nothing. After he had pronounced the benediction he came right over to where I was and said: "Brother Jones, why do you strive so against the Spirit? I really believe that God has called you to the ministry and it is sinful for you to fight against His will." Still I did not give him any answer that would cause him to think that I would be a minister. The next day he called to see me, prayed with me, and talked with me about the seriousness of my procrastination. Before the week had ended, I told him that I would prepare myself to enter the ministry of Jesus Christ, and immediately began making my plans to enter a seminary, putting myself in communication with the various theological seminaries of the country. I received favorable replies, but selected from the many the invitation to attend Rochester Theological Seminary, of the State of New York. I closed my work with the

Association and, early in the month of September, 1889, bade farewell to that Western country, and came East to prepare myself for the work to which I was then thoroughly convinced I had been called. During these early days of preaching all the additions to the churches were young men, and that was one reason why I was loath to give up my work with the Young Men's Christian Association, but God, unseen by human eye, was constantly leading me.

CHAPTER II.

MY SEMINARY DAYS AND THEIR TRIALS.

I ARRIVED in the city of Rochester the day before the studies commenced at the seminary. Immediately I went to see the president, and talked matters over with him. I found him a very genial Christian gentleman, thoroughly consecrated to his life work of fitting young men for the ministry, and I could readily understand why such a man as Dr. J. H. Strong had been selected as president of Rochester Theological Seminary. He asked me various questions regarding my financial condition, inquiring specially whether I was prepared to go through the seminary, and pay my own way, as I would have to do. I told him that I was. He asked me if I had friends that would help me. I told him "No," many of them could do so if they wished, but I felt certain that none of them would aid me in educating myself for the ministry. Then he said: "Mr. Jones, as president of this institution, I would like to know just how you are situated, because all that the seminary

provides for its students is a room in the dormitory." I answered: "Well, Doctor, to be frank with you, I have at my immediate command the sum of nine cents." "Then you expect to receive a remittance from some one or some place shortly." I answered, "No, sir, I do not." "Well, then, my dear brother," he answered, "I am very sorry to be obliged to inform you that the seminary is not in a position to pay the way of its students." I replied: "Well, Doctor, it would be time enough for you to mention that fact to me when I sought aid from you." "Well, what do you expect to do?" he asked. I said: "I do not know, sir; but I have come here to go through this seminary and I am going to do it by God's help. Give me until to-morrow afternoon and I will tell you then what I have done, and I feel sure that I will be able to tell you that the way is opened and I am going to work my way through this institution." He said: "Very well, I wish you every success; see me at my office to-morrow afternoon, but in the meantime take this dollar to help you until then." I said: "No, thank you, Doctor, I do not wish to take one cent."

I went out into the city, not knowing where to go, or what to do, but assured that God would lead me in the path He would have me go, and would show me just what to do. I sauntered along through one street after another, and at

last came to the business part of the city. I noticed a magnificent restaurant, beautifully fitted up, and thought: "Here is my opportunity." I was then beginning to feel a little hungry. So I walked up to the desk and met the pleasant-faced gentleman who was the proprietor, when I said: "Excuse me, sir, but I have come to this city as a student of the Theological Seminary. I want to educate myself for the ministry, and I want some work to enable me to pay my way." He said: "What can you do?" I answered: "Well, sir, I can eat." With a hearty laugh, he said: "You don't look very hungry." I said: "No, sir, perhaps not; but I begin to realize that I have an appetite, and if I am to go through the seminary, it will trouble me more or less during my stay in this city. I understood you to say that you were busy between twelve and two. I would be glad to come down every day at that time, if you could use me as a waiter for my dinner and twenty-five cents a day." He looked at me and, laughing, said: "That would not pay you very much." I answered: "No, sir, the twenty-five cents may not; the dinner will though." He said: "I will take you on, but will pay you three dollars a week. I presume, however, you are a good waiter." I said: "No, sir, I never waited on table in my life, but I know just how to do it." He said: "How do you know you do?" I answered:

"Well, I have had men waiting on me, and I know just how they did it."

I went back to the seminary after having taken my dinner, feeling as happy as a bird. Doctor Strong had gone home. I could not wait, however, until the next afternoon to see him, but immediately went down to his house and told him I had succeeded, having obtained a position at three dollars a week, with my dinner each day. He was as delighted as I was, and said: "Jones, you have the material in you that is going to make you succeed. Keep right along, my boy, and some day I shall hear great things of you."

The next day the classes were made up and I entered the junior class, after having qualified for it. I found my class work exceedingly difficult. I believe I studied as hard as any student at that school. I would have my lessons well prepared, but just as soon as I was called upon in the class-room to recite, when I got on my feet, everything I had committed to memory left me, and I would stand there as though I knew nothing. I was greatly mortified, and would have to say: "Excuse me, Doctor, but I cannot answer your question." I was called upon about twice a week, and every time had the same experience. At last I made up my mind that I had enough of that. I knew that I was simply "class-room

scared." So I went to the Doctor at the close of the exercise one afternoon and said: "Doctor, I fear you will think that I am shirking my duties and neglecting my studies, but I assure you, sir, that I work hard and faithfully, and in my room could answer any question a student might put to me, but when I get to the class-room before all the students, were you to ask one of the same questions of me, I would not be able to answer it." He said: "Evidently you are frightened when you get on your feet." I said: "That is just it, sir, but I want to conquer that feeling, and can do it with your assistance." He answered: "Well, I will do all that is in my power for you." I said: "Well, sir, you can help me; if instead of calling upon me to recite once or twice a week, as you have been doing heretofore, you have me recite every day until I get over this embarrassment." "I will do it with pleasure," he replied; "but that will make you work very hard, because you will have to prepare thoroughly every lesson during the week." I said: "Well, sir, that is what I want to do, and that is what I will do." Never after that did I fail in a single recitation.

At last my turn came to preach a sermon. The text was given me by our Homiletical Professor. I had two weeks in which to prepare myself. Putting on my best suit of clothes, as I was to be the speaker of the occasion, I looked

into the glass and saw many white patches showing through the worn black cloth of my frock coat. I got the ink bottle and commenced covering up with the black fluid the white lining that was showing through the cloth. Going down into the class-room, I took my seat behind the desk in the little room arranged as a chapel. I announced my text and commenced my sermon. One after another of the students began taking notes of what I said. The professor took none, but I could tell that he was taking it all in and would know just the value of my effort when I had finished. The custom was after the preaching was over that the students and the professor would criticise the sermon from a homiletical standpoint and also in style and delivery. At times they were very severe in fault-finding.

The professor stood up and looked at me. He said: "Brother Jones, that is the finest text that I have ever heard preached from." There was a twinkle in his eye, and I felt highly complimented. "But to be frank with you, it is the worst sermon I ever listened to in my life." And then he began picking it all to pieces and by the time he got through there was very little of my sermon left. After he had finished, one after another of the students had something to say in the shape of criticism. I thought to myself: "Never mind, boys, your turn will come as well as mine—

if I don't give it to you, my name is not Jones." I went to my room feeling, after the overhauling I had had, I was surely a ministerial failure, and from that day I denounced the idea of pulpit criticism. But, looking back to-day, I can see what a blessing that experience was to me.

I was at the seminary about a year, when I was called to mission work in New York. I went there feeling that it was a good opportunity for me to put in a year or so at that work and get sufficient money to enable me to go through school without having to pinch and strive as I had done during the year that had passed, hoping also that later I would be able to go either to Spurgeon's or Moody's school to complete my studies.

CHAPTER III.

MY FIRST PASTORATE.

I WAS at St. Bartholomew's Mission, 42d Street, west of Third Avenue, New York, about a year, and obtained quite an insight into New York City charitable work. This mission was conducted by St. Bartholomew's Church, and was chiefly maintained with money received from the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, who about five years before his death, erected the magnificent building known as St. Bartholomew's Parish House, east of Third Avenue, on the same street. Friday nights the old building presented scenes I shall never forget. The doors were opened at seven o'clock sharp. It was the custom on those nights to give a cup of coffee and a sandwich to men who were in need. Long before the time of opening the doors, hundreds of these poor unfortunate fellows would be blocking the street, and when the doors were thrown open, these poor hungry mortals would rush in and take their seats in the large hall where the meetings were conducted. At the close of the

religious exercises, twenty or thirty men would pass around large trays laden with sandwiches, followed by men bearing large pitchers filled with the finest coffee, which they would pour into the cups with which the men had been furnished. This feeding of New York's hungry poor was carried on largely through the generosity of the gentleman mentioned above. I enjoyed my work there very much indeed, and it will not be out of place to say right here, there was a very charming young lady who devoted her evenings to presiding at the organ or piano, to the great delight of the men. I will admit I was greatly impressed with her musical talent, and saw a great deal of her, as I conducted services in the building every evening. But at the close of my engagement there, I left to complete my studies without having once mentioned to her how much I admired her. It was not strange, therefore, that, after having completed my studies, I should return and seek out this young lady, who has since become the one who has shared my joys with me these past eight years of our married life and has proved a blessing to me in every way, filling that most important position, viz., that of a minister's wife.

Soon after our marriage I received a call to go to Suffern, Rockland County, New York, to engage in two weeks' evangelistic services with the

First Baptist Church of that city. I went there, and found the church in a most deplorable condition. It had been closed for the ten preceding years; and its membership had united with several churches of other denominations. I saw the opportunity for a good work there, and immediately had circulated necessary advertising matter, informing the people that services would be conducted in the First Baptist Church every night in the week, Saturday excepted. I commenced these meetings Sunday morning. A fair audience greeted me, but I had a much larger congregation at night. At the close of the meeting Friday night of the following week, we had the gratification of receiving twelve persons for membership, a family of four being among them. At the close of the Sunday night service, I was requested to leave the church, as there were matters the members wanted to talk over, so I went to the residence of old Deacon Quackenbush. As I could not return to New York City, I always remained there over night. I was occupying my time reading a book I had found lying on the table, when in came the deacon, the church clerk, and three or four other members from the church. They informed me that the church had extended to me a unanimous call to become its pastor. I read the invitation, and told them I would give them an answer the following

Sunday morning. At the specified time I told the church that I would accept the call, providing it would be understood from the commencement that in calling me to be their pastor it did not mean that they called my wife as my hired assistant. She, by the way, was always perfectly willing to do her part in aiding me in my ministerial duties. I further stated that under no consideration would I accept their call unless the church would be known as the People's Church. The poorest as well as the wealthiest brother should have equal rights to a vote at church meetings. The only leader should be the meek and lowly Master, and should they at any time see anything amiss in me, their pastor, they were not to go unto Sister So-and-So, or Brother So-and-So, and talk about it, but come to me, and tell me of my faults, and I would take them by the hand and thank them if I was in the wrong; and should I see anything out of the way with any of them, they could expect an early visit from me, as I would treat them in the same way that I had requested them to treat me. That night my terms were accepted, and we started out feeling that a great work was in store for us, and that God would bless us as pastor and people. I was not ordained at this time, but invitations to the ordination were sent out, inviting the pastor with two delegates from

each church of the Southern New York Baptist Association. The day was set, March 9th, 1893. We had had a tremendous snow storm the first of the month. On the seventh it was quite warm, and by the ninth the roads were flooded nearly all the way from our church to the station, the ice and snow having melted. You could not go about by sleigh or wagon with any satisfaction. I went to the depot and met the delegates with the various turnouts that were provided for the purpose of transportation. Some were closed carriages, some buggies, the others sleighs; but the people who chose the sleighs to take them over to the church had a great experience. The horses could not draw them through the mud, and to walk in the road was simply impossible, so they pulled the sleighs over as close as they could get to the stone walls that were on either side of the thoroughfare. Getting out from the sleighs, the people commenced to walk a distance of three miles over these stone walls, having to dismount every now and then where the road turned off or where there was an opening leading to a private estate. After a great deal of perseverance, they reached our church. At ten o'clock that morning a very fair number had assembled, taking into consideration the inclemency of the weather, and I was introduced as the candidate for ordination. I was

asked the usual questions regarding my call to the ministry, etc., and at five o'clock in the afternoon the council adjourned to compare notes. At six o'clock I was informed that the council was satisfied, and wanted to know my wishes as to the ordination. It was decided I should be ordained that night, and at half-past seven the ordination services took place. The Rev. E. S. Holloway, of New York, preached the ordination sermon, choosing for his text the fourth chapter of the Second Epistle of Timothy, a part of the last verse—"Preach the Word." The Rev. James Francis, of New York City, delivered the charge to the candidate, and the Rev. A. C. Arnold delivered the charge to the church. At the close of this service, I was introduced to the congregation as the Rev. H. W. Jones, and was requested to pronounce the benediction, which I did.

My first pleasant duty as pastor was to baptize the twelve people who had professed conversion during the revival services. I started in to work with a great deal of zeal and determination, the church edifice being in a terrible condition from being closed so many years. The first thing we did was to raise money to put in new windows, which were to be stained glass; the male members agreeing to put the glass in, if the church would buy it. After this was finished, we

raised money for repainting the church and putting in a new pulpit. And by the time this was done, we had a nice, cosy-looking church building. At a church meeting, it was decided to rededicate the building, and we invited the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D., pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, to preach the dedicatory sermon, requesting several other ministers to join us in these pleasant exercises. A very interesting and gratifying congregation filled our church and listened to the Doctor as he preached to them the same old story, and yet, in every word he uttered, brought out the joyfulness and blessedness of serving God, and congratulated the people upon the marked success pertaining to the pastorate.

It was a moonlight night, and the vast audience was invited to go down to the Cooper Lake, where four young people were to be baptized by the pastor. As we were leaving the church Mr. E. Degrot and his wife, from Ramsey, met me at the door and said: "Brother, we too wish to follow the Lord Jesus into the baptismal waters. Can we be baptized to-night?" I replied: "As far as I am concerned, I will gladly immerse you; but I presume the better way will be to present the matter to the church." We called a meeting there and then outside of the building; Brother Degrot and his wife told their experience, and they were unanimously elected for membership.

Instead of baptizing four that evening, it was my pleasure to baptize six. As I went down into the waters, the shores were black with people, who had come from all the surrounding country to witness this moonlight baptism. We had gone there the night before and had selected our place for immersion. I went into the water just as the moon was coming over the hill top, spreading its rays across the water, where I stood. The water looked like silver, or as though the blessed Spirit was shedding His influence across the deep. As the candidates were led into the water, the women dressed in white, the men in black, they presented a most beautiful picture, and several of the onlookers who had come there just out of curiosity were convicted of their sins. Four of these that stood amid that multitude of people saw, as they had never seen before, the beauty of following the Master in baptism and of obeying His divine command. These were baptized by me two Sundays later.

The fourth of June, 1893, I had the unutterable pleasure of leading into the waters my esteemed wife; it was, in fact, the greatest joy that I had ever experienced. Just before descending into the waters of Cooper Lake, my church presented me with a magnificent baptismal gown. I used it for the first time to baptize Mrs. Jones, and have used it ever since, as I preach in it to this day.

The next work I undertook to do was to erect a parsonage. Deacon James Quackenbush presented the church with a lot 100 by 125 feet, almost opposite the church, on which site the house was built. Just as we were about to occupy it, I received and accepted a call to become pastor of the First Baptist Church of Stepney, Conn., and closed my labors with the Suffern people, after having been with them a little over a year, during which time there were twenty-eight additions to the church.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, STEPNEY, CONN. AN INTERESTING WEDDING.

GOING to Stepney, I found many charming people there, several of whom were devout, consecrated believers. The church property consisted of a church and parsonage, which was in very good condition. There was a membership of about one hundred. I preached my first sermon as their pastor the first Sunday in November, 1893. A good congregation greeted me, and we started in for earnest, zealous work, commencing as I did at Suffern, with two weeks' revival services, which resulted in five conversions—four young men and one young woman—who were baptized by me in the Hawley Brook. My experience with these people proved more exciting and varied than I expected when I first entered upon my duties there. The first thing of any importance that occurred was on a Saturday morning. It was raining very hard, and as fast as the rain fell on the ground it would freeze, making the roads

and sidewalks like a sheet of glass. To enable me to reach my barn, I had to take with me a coal scuttle filled with ashes, and as I went along I would drop sufficient of the ashes in places to step on to avoid falling down.

Going back to the house, the door bell rang, and as I opened the door a lady of fine appearance was standing there. Outside my gate was a closed carriage with a magnificent team of horses before it, and the coachman dressed in such a way as to show he was driving for a very wealthy family. The lady inquired if I was Mr. Jones, the Baptist minister. I told her I was. Then she said: "I have come over from New Haven, having driven from there this morning to find out whether you practise what you preach. Could you give me about three hours of your time, as I have a matter of great importance I wish to consult you about?" I said: "Yes, madam; I shall be delighted to devote this morning to you; but if you are very anxious to find out if I practise what I preach, I would suggest that you ask Mrs. Jones, as she would be the only person to answer that inquiry." She remarked: "It is not so much that, but I heard you preach once, or rather lecture, and I wish to find out for my own satisfaction whether you are as sympathetic in your nature as you appeared to be in your lecture."

I was somewhat surprised at this, and scarcely knew how to take it. So I ventured to ask where she had heard me lecture. She informed me at New Haven, when I spoke on the subject of "Fallen Women," and it was on that account she had ventured to travel the distance she had through the blinding storm then raging. I told her that I thought I was prepared to live up to all I had stated that night, and if there was anything that I could do to assist any unfortunate creature who had fallen, I stood ready and willing to do what God would have me do. Then she said: "I have been to see seven or eight ministers, every one of whom refused to listen to my appeal, and as a last resort I have come to you; but before I continue my story I wish that you would kneel down with me in this room, together with your wife, and ask God to grant that I may not utter one harsh word here, and that, no matter how I have been wronged in the past, I may have a Christian, charitable feeling toward those who have injured me and mine."

As we arose from our knees, she unfolded to me one of the most pitiful stories I had ever listened to. She stated that somewhere in New York, in a home for fallen women, she had a niece, who had been deceived by a man living in Astoria, N. Y. And, after getting this

girl, who was merely a child, into trouble—she was only fourteen years of age at the time—he forsook her and went away. This aunt believed he was somewhere in the State of Connecticut, and her mission to me was to have me find him and try to convince him of his sin. I asked her if she knew in what city or town he was. She said she did not. So I reminded her that while it was true that Connecticut was a very small place on the map, it was a large place to search to find a man, and I could not see how I could help her, unless she could tell me where he was, or give me some idea where to commence my search. She could not do this, so I had to again blight her hopes by showing her that I was utterly unable to render her any assistance, and I shall never forget her look as she left my house, sad and broken in spirit, feeling that her last hope had fled. She thanked me for my kindness to her, and appreciated my willingness to assist her in offering to do anything that was in my power. I told her if I should hear of him I would let her know, but not to build any hopes, as I could not hold out any encouragement to her.

The next day turned out to be beautiful and warm, so I drove my wife and little baby down to Bridgeport, a distance of eleven miles from Stepney. Driving through Broad Street, I met the postmaster of the city, whom I knew very well. I

asked him if he knew a man called R—— in Bridgeport. He said: "Yes, there is a John R—— just below here!" I said: "Well, it is Frank R—— I am looking for; but I will try it anyway." Driving on to the number he gave me, I got out of my carriage and rang the door bell. A young man answered it, and I said: "Is this Mr. John R——?" He said: "Yes, sir." And without the least thought, I said: "How is your brother Frank?" "Oh, he is fine; doing nicely," he replied. I asked him where he was now, as I would like to see him, having been a pastor once not far from their home in Astoria. He said: "Well, Frank got into a little trouble some time ago, and mother thought it best for him to leave home, so she bought a farm called the H—— farm, in Monroe, where they are now settled, and Frank is running it." I knew the farm and said: "That is strange, he is only about a mile and a half from my church; I will call and see him." I had a hard time to conceal my joy over the fact that I had located him. Driving back to Stepney, I hitched up my other horse, telling Mrs. Jones as I drove out of the gate that I should not be long, as I was only going over to Monroe. I drove over quite fast, and just as I reached the farm, the young man for whom I was searching made his appearance. I recognized him from the likeness to his brother. I thought:

"Now I will try this fellow by making him think I am a detective." I was clad in an ordinary citizen's suit, which would not indicate that I was a minister, so I said to him: "Hitch my horse somewhere out of the wind; blanket him well, as I am very choice of him." If I had never been informed of the character of this man I should have known there was something about him that was wrong, and that he was expecting trouble. I carried out my object of deception for several minutes, then told him I was the Baptist minister from Stepney, and was out making acquaintances in that part of the country, and was exceedingly glad to meet him, and gave him a cordial invitation to call on me, and attend our services, which he promised to do. As I left him, I said: "Frank, we are both young men; the only difference between us is I am trying to follow the Saviour, who, when He saw a woman in distress, pitied her, and I hope some day to see that same character portrayed in Frank R——." I thought possibly that might cause him to think of the past. I saw nothing of him at the church, so three weeks later called upon him, inquiring after his health and so on, at which time he introduced me to his mother. I found her such a person as I could well understand would teach her boy almost anything that was bad.

After my return to the village that morning,

I telegraphed Mrs. B——, whom I had learned was the wife of one of the wealthiest merchants in New Haven, that I had found the young man whom she had been seeking, asking her to come over and see me, which she did that afternoon. And when I told her where he was, she immediately wanted to go to him and plead with him to do what was right by her niece. I begged her not to do it, however, and asked her to leave it entirely with me, and give me plenty of time, and I thought it would be all right. This she agreed to do. I saw a great deal of Frank the next four weeks, and then sent this message to Mrs. B——: "Go to New York on the morning train, get Annie and the child. Return on the 7:15 this evening. I will meet you at the station. Don't fail." I went down to the station to see if she was on board the train, as she had to pass through Stepney on her way to New York, and found she was. I had no time to speak to her except to say, "Good morning," as the train only stopped a few seconds. I met the evening train, taking my man with me, he driving my surrey—I was in a buggy. They arrived, the aunt, niece, and little girl, who was then four years old. I whispered to Mrs. B——: "Say nothing to this driver, but go with him over to the parsonage." She asked: "Where are you going?" I answered: "I am going over after Frank, as I in-

tend to marry him to your niece this evening." She said: "What! have you told him?" I said: "No, he does not even surmise I know anything about it." "Then how do you know you will marry him?" she asked. I answered that I was reasonably sure I would be able to accomplish my purpose; for her to do as I requested her and wait the result.

It was dusk when I arrived at the H—— farm. Frank was coming out of the gateway bearing a pail of warm water intended for the poultry, as it was an exceedingly bitter cold evening. Hailing him, I said: "I wish to see you, Frank, when you are through. I will meet you up by the barn." After waiting a few minutes, he appeared. Extending my hand to him, I said: "Frank, do you think I am your friend or your enemy?" He said: "I think you are my friend." Then I said: "Have I at any time, by any word or act, showed you that I knew you to be one of the most contemptible men that God ever allowed to live?" He looked at me in amazement, and asked me what I meant. I said: "Do you know Annie C——?" He said: "I do." "You know what I mean then, Frank, as I know the whole story, and have known it since the day before I first met you, and I have two witnesses to prove your guilt." "I know better," he said; "but I presume you mean the girl herself and Bessie S——." I

answered: "I never heard of Bessie S——; that makes three, as I simply had Annie's statement and the little girl's face: for believe me, Frank, Edna is the image of you." He asked how I knew that, and if I knew where the little one was. I told him she and her mother were at my house, where they would stay, and if he would not provide for that child, I would. "What do you wish me to do then?" he asked. I said: "All I wish you to do, Frank, is to be a man: marry Annie simply to give her little innocent tot a name." He said: "I never will!" I said: "Yes, you will, Frank, I feel sure." After pleading with him some time, he said: "Well, sir, I will do it if my mother will allow me to."

Taking him at his word, I asked where his mother was. He informed me that she was in the house, so we went there to tell her, and I never in my life experienced such a time as I did then. Never had I received such a tongue thrashing as that woman gave me. I stood there looking at her, but never said a word until she was through, then, turning so as to point at her daughter, a young lady sitting in the room, I said to this unnatural mother: "My dear woman, you may talk as you see fit; but I have never yet seen any one who was guilty of a crime, but that in some way or other it has come back to them. Remember that you have a daughter, and

take care that God does not punish you for the way you are standing between this man, your son, and the right." She was rather ashamed of herself and said: "Well, he can do as he sees fit." Turning to Frank, I said: "You hear that, Frank. What will you do?" He said: "Well, I will do it, sir, and will be over to your place in about an hour's time." I asked him what he meant. He answered: "I will have to shave and change my clothes, and will hitch up my horse and come right over." I said: "No, you wont, Frank; we lost you once, but we don't propose to lose you twice. My buggy is large enough for two—you will come just as you are, with me." He did not want to do that, but at last yielded to my entreaty.

We drove over to the parsonage and, opening the door, there stood Annie with the little tot by her side. I said: "Annie, Frank has come over to see you and Edna." They greeted each other, and the facial expressions exhibited by them will never be erased from my memory. I told Annie that Frank had come to do what was right by her, and, calling the aunt aside, said: "Before I can marry them, I have to get a license, and the town clerk is four miles from here. I would rather not go for him, as I want to be with Frank." Then she said: "Spare no expense, but send for him." I went down to the

Methodist minister and asked him if he would allow his coachman to go over to Monroe for me on a matter of importance. He consented gladly, and I said to Mr. Powell, his man: "Make the best time you can. Tell Mr. Nicolson, the town clerk, to come over to the Baptist parsonage immediately, and bring a marriage license with him, as I would pay him well." It was then 8:30.

Two hours passed, still no town clerk appeared. Frank was getting rather restless and he said: "Mr. Jones, I will have to be going." I assured him they would soon come, and just then, to my great delight and relief, Mr. Nicolson appeared. I went out to the dining-room where the town clerk was and speaking to him said: "You know this young man well; I want you to give him a kind word and encourage him for the stand he is about to take." He took my hand and promised me he would do so. "But I thought some one was dying," he said, "as I could not imagine why you would send for me in such haste such a night as this." We filled out the license, then went into the parlor, the town clerk and Mrs. B—— acting as witnesses. Taking my place in the centre of the room, I told Frank and Annie where to stand; little Edna, their child, walked over of her own accord and took the hand of her mother. Looking at them, I said: "I am not going to ask you to make one promise that you will not keep. I will

448949

simply ask a promise of you which when you make it will be immediately fulfilled, and all else we will leave with God." So, looking at Frank, I said: "Frank R——, will you take Annie C—— to be your wife?" He said: "I will." Then I asked Annie: "Annie C——, will you take Frank R—— to be your husband?" She said: "I will." After this I simply said: "In accordance with the laws of this State and by the authority vested in me as a minister of the Gospel, I pronounce you husband and wife. I have not asked you to love each other or anything of that kind; I have simply accomplished what I was anxious to do—the giving of this little one a name."

I then asked Frank to kiss the child. He picked her up in his arms, tears running down his cheeks, and nestled her close to his bosom. Then I said: "Kiss your wife, Frank." He replied: "Never, sir, I cannot do that." I said: "Very well, then I will not urge you to." Before leaving his home, I promised his mother that I would take him back that night, so we started out, and had driven about a mile when the two front wheels of my vehicle refused to turn. We got out and found that we had two hot boxes; it was then nearly one in the morning. We pounded on the door of a farmhouse right near where we had stopped. Getting the farmer up, we asked him for some kerosene oil to pour on the axles. He gave it to

us, and after working about fifteen or twenty minutes, we could turn the wheels around. Getting back into the carriage, we continued our journey, reaching Frank's home in safety. I took him by the hand and said: "Frank, may God bless you; and remember that if all others should turn their backs upon you, I will still be your friend. Do what is right and I will stand by you." I returned home greatly satisfied with what had been done. I tried to see Frank after that, but could find no trace of him, so we decided that he had run away.

About three months after the marriage, at the close of the service one Sunday morning, going back to the parsonage, Mrs. Jones met me at the front door and said: "Frank R—— is here; he has come for Annie." Realizing what the man had been in the past, I was a little suspicious, so went in and said: "Frank, what does this mean?" He said: "Well, sir, after I returned home the night you married me, my mother made it so uncomfortable for me, I decided to leave the farm, so went to New York and obtained a position. I have furnished an apartment there and have come now to get my wife and child." They left us that night and started for their New York home. We corresponded with them, but all of a sudden, they dropped entirely from our view.

Many of my church people criticised me for

having married them, but I maintained that if the ministry was not to lift up the fallen, then I had mistaken my calling, because in helping them morally, I was simply doing what Jesus did when He said to the woman: "Woman, neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

CHAPTER V.

A MEETING FOR MEN AT THE CHURCH AT WHITE HILLS, CONN. AN IMPORTANT PERSON PRESENT.

WHITE HILLS was about eight or nine miles from my church. One evening I received a pressing invitation to go over there and conduct a meeting for men only at the First Baptist Church. I consented to do it and drove over the first Sunday morning in September, 1894. A large number of men were present. In fact, I was surprised to find so many men in that community, but I learned after the meeting that many of them had driven over from Shelton and other nearby towns. I took as my subject: "Be men," urging them to realize the true meaning of the word "men" and holding up to them that true type of manhood as it was portrayed in the life of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. We had a blessed meeting, and at the close of my remarks I gave an invitation for any young man to hold up his hand who felt that he wanted to turn over a new leaf

and start anew, striving to do what was right. A number of men accepted the invitation. After the audience had dispersed, I noticed, besides the committee who had invited me to speak, a gentleman who was a stranger to me. I could tell, however, from his appearance, that he was a man well-to-do, but I never dreamed who he was. He came up to me, and, taking me by the hand, said: "Mr. Jones, I heard you were to be here this morning, so I came to hear you. You certainly seem to have the right way of getting along with men. You are the kind of a man that should be a chaplain either in the Navy or in the Army. Why don't you go in the Navy?" I replied: "Well, sir, if you will tell me why the President of the United States has not appointed me, I will tell you why I am not a chaplain, as that is the only reason." Then he asked me if I had ever applied for the position; to which I answered in the negative. "Would you like to be a chaplain?" he inquired. I said: "Yes, sir, it has been the height of my ambition and the aim of my life ever since I became a minister, to be a chaplain in the Navy, but I don't know what to do to obtain such an appointment." Then he said: "I will tell you, and if you will do it I will aid you all I can, as I really believe you to be a man especially adapted for that calling. You get up an application, have it endorsed by ministers and

prominent men; do not make the mistake that is usually made in having a number of ward politicians to endorse you, but get letters from clergymen and men of good standing in your district, and if you will send them to me, I will present them to the Secretary of the Navy myself." I thanked him, and inquired whom I had the honor of addressing. He said: "I am D. N. Morgan, the United States Treasurer, and anything I can do for you, I will gladly do it." You can imagine my surprise. I thanked him and left the church, got in my buggy, and drove back home. I thought a great deal of what had happened as I drove along the road. Going into the parsonage, I told Mrs. Jones all about it. She was not as favorably impressed with the idea as I was, because the first thing that she mentioned was that it would separate us, as I would have to go to sea. I told her I was going to think it over and in all probability would file an application, and after due consideration prepared the following:

STEPNEY, CONN.,
September 18th, 1894.

TO THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sir:

The undersigned respectfully applies for an appointment in the Corps of Navy Chaplains and

represents that he was born on the 12th day of July, 1864, that his legal residence is at Stepney, Fairfield County, Connecticut, that he is a member of the Baptist denomination and at present pastor of the First Baptist Church at said Stepney.

Respectfully,
HARRY W. JONES.

STEPNEY, CONN.,
September 18th, 1894.

We, the undersigned, recommend the Rev. Harry W. Jones for the foregoing appointment, knowing him to be thoroughly competent for the position for which he applies, and we respectfully ask that he be appointed thereto.

We believe that his appointment would give general satisfaction.

This was endorsed by clergymen of all denominations, among them being a Roman Catholic priest who was the rector of the leading church of his faith in Bridgeport. Besides obtaining the signatures of ministers, I had merchants of good standing, physicians, the Board of Education, together with several men of prominence in our community. To strengthen this application, I also sent letters from persons who knew me well: a few of which were as follows:

20 East 120th Street, New York,
October 24th, 1894.

To the Honorable the Secretary of the Navy.

Respected Sir:

I hereby most earnestly recommend the Rev. Harry W. Jones for the position of Chaplain in the Navy. I have been personally and intimately acquainted with him for years, and know him to be a man of most excellent Christian character, bright, wide awake, and especially attractive to young men. I believe him to have rare and peculiar gifts that fit him for the position for which he has applied.

Respectfully yours,
J. L. Campbell, D.D.,
Pastor Lexington Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.

358 West 57th Street, New York,
October 24th, 1894.

To the Honorable the Secretary of the Navy.

Dear Sir:

I have learned that the Rev. H. W. Jones is seeking an appointment in the Corps of Navy Chaplains. His application, with its list of endorsements, I have read with interest and approval. He has been known to me for the past

few years as a consistent Christian man, an earnest preacher and a devoted pastor. It would give me much pleasure to know that he had received the appointment for which he makes application. I feel assured that he will earnestly strive to do his whole duty toward those under his ministry, toward the Government which may appoint him, and toward the common Lord and Master of us all, whose servant he is.

Very truly yours,

R. S. MacArthur, D.D.,
Pastor Calvary Baptist Church.

Bridgeport, Conn.,
October 30th, 1894.

To the Honorable the Secretary of the Navy.

My Dear Sir:

As a neighboring pastor, I have known personally and by reputation the Rev. H. W. Jones as a Christian and courteous gentleman, spoken well of and looked up to with respect by those in the community where he resides. I believe he is well qualified for such a position as he seeks. He is earnest, sympathetic, and desirous of doing good and elevating and saving especially the young men. He loves men for their souls' value.

Yours very truly, G. W. Nicholson,
Pastor First Baptist Church.

These and several others I forwarded to the Honorable D. N. Morgan, together with my application, and on November 2d, 1894, received this letter from him:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE TREASURER, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

November 1st, 1894.

REV. H. W. JONES, LOCK BOX 213, STEPNEY, CONN.

My Dear Sir:

Your esteemed favor of the 30th of October is just at hand. I have placed the enclosed letters with the Secretary of the Navy with my endorsement of their standing and worthiness of full consideration. I do not think you can do more, and hope among the many applications that you may be successful.

Respectfully yours,
DANIEL N. MORGAN.

At the time I made application, there were two vacancies existing in the Corps of Navy Chaplains. I watched the papers daily to see if any Chaplains were appointed. On the 2d of March, 1895, I read in the *New York Herald* that the Rev. John B. Frazier of Tennessee and the Rev. John P. Chidwick of New York had been appointed Chaplains of the Navy. There being

only two vacancies, I of course gave the matter up and settled down once more for good, earnest work with my people, realizing that though I had not been appointed, much as I would like to have been, I had not left unturned one stone that might have done me good, and I was encouraged with the thought that I had applied for the Chaplaincy before I passed the age limit, because if anything should ever happen in my life to cause me to look back to days gone by, I would not be able to accuse myself by saying: "You should have applied to be a Chaplain when you had an opportunity," believing that if God did not want me in the Navy, I would succeed as a pastor on shore. I wrote to Mr. Morgan, thanking him for his kindness to me, and then let the matter of the Chaplaincy drop from my mind, informing my people I would still remain with them as their pastor, for how long though I could not say.

CHAPTER VI.

A FOX CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP. AN INTERESTING TRIAL AT THE MONROE COURT HOUSE.

ONE Sunday while my application for the Chaplaincy was pending, a young lawyer who was chairman of our Society's Committee or, as they are termed in some States, Board of Trustees, called at the study to see me. He was a man anyone would believe was greatly interested in Stepney, judging from the way he acted. He resided there with his parents, but practised law in the city of Bridgeport. The object of his call was to induce me to start a Law and Order League. The aim of this League was the enforcing of the law. Stepney had voted no license, but there were a number of the farmers throughout the section continually violating the law by selling liquor without a license. Two or three of these farmers were Irishmen, and my lawyer friend remarked that he was determined to break up this system of violating the law, and put a stop to it. He said: "I wish, pastor, that you would take hold of this matter, and every

case we find, I will prosecute free of charge. I am especially anxious," he continued, "to catch these Irishmen." I said: "Well, my brother, I will not pose here as a fanatic or attempt anything as an individual pastor or independent church, but if you will persuade the other ministers of the place to join you in this matter, I will do my part; but as to my going ahead alone, I absolutely refuse." Then he said: "You will assist if I can get the other ministers to co-operate with you?" I said: "Certainly; anything for the good of the community that the churches may agree upon, I am with them." He said: "All right, I will see you as soon as I have consulted the other ministers and report my success or failure." I said: "Very well, I shall be glad to hear from you." Later that evening he returned and was delighted over the fact that all the churches had consented to his plan, and had requested him to have me call a union meeting to be held in our church the following Friday night. I said: "Very well, I will announce it this evening." Going to the church at the usual hour, before preaching the sermon, I announced that the chairman of our Society's Committee had interested himself in the community, he being very anxious to enforce the law in regard to the selling of liquor without a license, and through his efforts we would hold a union meeting in our church the following Friday even-

ing at eight o'clock, as all the churches had agreed to co-operate with us in forming a Law and Order League.

Friday night came, and we had a tremendous turn out, and were fortunate in having with us the State Secretary of the League, whose headquarters was New Haven. He gave us a very practical talk on the workings of the League, urging the people to organize a branch to be known as the Monroe Branch of the Law and Order League of the State of Connecticut. At the close of his remarks, the young lawyer sprang to his feet, and was very enthusiastic in all he had to say, dwelling upon the way these Irishmen were bringing disgrace to the place, and he, as a lawyer, was determined to put a stop to it, and every case we had, he would prosecute without expense either to the League or State. Then he proposed me as the Secretary of our local League. I jumped up and declined. My wife also begged me not to take the office, as the duty of the Secretary was to seek out persons who were violating the law, then enter a complaint and procure a search warrant for the League's detectives to search the various buildings, all of which I knew would tend to make me, a minister, very unpopular. Turning to the lawyer, I said: "Should I take this office, remember, were I to catch my own father violating the law, I would have him ar-

rested just as quickly as I would yours." He said: "That is just it, brother, that is entirely what we want—a man who will have no fear." And after a great deal of persuasion, I accepted the office, much against the wishes of Mrs. Jones, however. We adjourned to meet at some future date, it being left to me as Secretary to call the next meeting.

Three months had passed and nothing had been said or done publicly of the work accomplished by the League. The newspapers were making a great deal of sport of this Law and Order League that had sprung up so suddenly in the Baptist Church of Stepney one night, and to all appearances had died there and then a natural death. I said nothing, but all the time I was getting my information, and watching suspicious places, keeping three in close surveillance where I was sure rum was being sold. At last the time arrived when I was ready to search the premises. How to get my detectives into the village without their being seen was a study. At last the idea presented itself to me. Our ladies were going to have a new carpet in the church. It was to be brought from Bridgeport the next Friday, and it so happened that Friday was the day one of these farmers went to Bridgeport with his produce and returned with his rum. I went to Bridgeport early that Friday morning

and telegraphed to the head office of the Law and Order League at New Haven to send me six detectives, so that they would arrive in Bridgeport that afternoon. Then I went to the merchant from whom our ladies had purchased the carpet for the church, and asked him if he was ready to fulfil his contract and deliver to us that day the carpet our ladies ordered. He said: "I am; our wagon will be ready in about twenty minutes' time." "Well, then, you hold it until I return," I said. "I will be here about four o'clock; it will not be necessary for you to send any men, as I will have six men with me who will go up with your driver in the wagon."

I was delighted with the scheme. I went down to the station at Bridgeport and met the detectives on their arrival, and took them over to the store. Revealing to them the secret, they all agreed that the scheme was an admirable one. Getting into the wagon, they proceeded to Stepney. I returned in my private carriage, which allowed me to reach the parsonage some time ahead of them. I had the church door open ready for them as soon as they appeared; and it was amusing to see those great, big, burly fellows tugging at that carpet, as they took it into the church. After they had taken it in, the wagon returned to Bridgeport. I shut the doors and then the detectives commenced hammering, to make the

passers by believe they were laying the carpet. After a while the hammering ceased. Letting them out through the rear door of the church, they went over to the parsonage, where we had supper prepared for them. After supper we went down to the barn, it then being dark, hitched my horses, one to the surrey, the other to the buggy; and when all was ready, I returned to the house; but before going, I told the detectives that when I lighted the lamp in my study, they should drive out of the gate, as that would be a signal that one of the men I was looking for had returned from Bridgeport.

I did not have to keep them waiting long before I saw a light drive in the gateway leading to the farmhouse we intended searching, and very soon there were lights coming from all directions, as the men of the community, carrying lanterns, would go over to get what they had ordered. I lighted the lamp, then ran downstairs and met the detectives at the front of the parsonage. We drove into the farmyard. I left two detectives in charge at the wagon, which had just returned from Bridgeport, two I stationed at the front door of the house, and two I took with me around to the rear. A great, gruff farmer met me and said: "What do you want here?" I replied: "I want just what I am after, sir; I have a warrant to search your premises." Then he said:

"You will search them over my dead body." I said: "We are willing to do that if it is necessary. Do not stand in the way of the law, as I have a warrant to go through your house; and go through it we will, dead or alive." He dared us. Looking at the detectives, I said: "Gentlemen, proceed." And in they went, leaving the farmer gazing after us, but never attempting any violence. While we were searching the house, the other detectives searched the wagon, and before we left the premises found quite a quantity of liquor. We arrested the man and took him before Justice Hayes. Then I went for the young lawyer, and told him we had a case for him, and he was delighted. He said: "I was sure the thing existed, and now we will make an example of this case." We went to the house of the Justice of the Peace, and, to the amazement of the young lawyer, who should stand before him as the first prisoner to be tried, but his uncle, and I never saw such an indignant man as this young attorney was, when he saw what we had done. I don't know whether he knew his uncle was in the business or not, but I knew it the night we organized, when I made the statement that, should I catch my own father violating the law, I would arrest him just as soon as I would his. The case was set for the next Tuesday, so his nephew went his bond.

Leaving the house of the Justice of the Peace,

I led the detectives to the next place where I was satisfied the same state of affairs existed. Arriving there, we got out of the carriage and commenced pounding on the door of the farmhouse, but received no reply. At last a man put his head out of the bedroom window and shouted: "Who's there?" I said: "It is I, the Baptist minister. Open the door." "Oh," he says, "it is you, is it? Then I will see you somewhere else before I will ever open my door to let you in." I said: "I will give you just one minute to open the door. If it is not opened at the end of that time, I will break the door down, as I have with me six officers of the law." The door was promptly opened. Our Irish host greeted us most cordially, and said: "Come in, gentlemen, make a thorough search—I know what you are up to." And we commenced searching, first the house, then the barn, and all the outsheds, and found nothing. The detectives said to me: "Mr. Jones, there is nothing here, we had better go home." I said: "There is one place we have not searched, and that place will be searched before we leave this house." The old Irishman eyed me, and then he said: "Go ahead, search any place you like." Then I said: "Gentlemen, follow me." We returned to the bedroom, where the man's wife was still in bed, it being a large box-shape folding arrangement. Now I said: "Gentlemen, if you had

come to my house to search my premises, my wife would have been out of bed before I was. I will admit it is not very polite for me to request it, but I must do it; this lady must get up and let us look through that bed." Her husband protested, and the more he protested, the more we were convinced there was something besides a woman in the bed. She refused to get up. Then I said: "Madam, if you will not get up, these detectives will lift you out of the bed, so you had better throw the bedding around you and get up of your own accord." This she did when she saw we were determined. We searched the bed and found several pints of liquor under the mattress. We arrested the man and took him before the same Justice of the Peace that the other prisoner had been taken before, and he, likewise, was held under a hundred-dollar bond until the next Tuesday.

The trial took place in the Monroe Court House. The young lawyer had previously sent word to me that he would not be able to prosecute the cases, so I had better get some other attorney to attend to them. I went down to Bridgeport and secured the liquor prosecuting attorney to come up and attend to the cases for us. And instead of the worthy chairman doing as he so freely offered to do at our first meeting of the League, he secured a Newtown lawyer to defend his uncle. His uncle, after being accused, pleaded

not guilty. Then I took the stand as chief witness for the State. His lawyer, after I was sworn, commenced his examination; he made me state all I knew of the case, which I did in very quick order. Then, looking at me, he said: "What is your name?" I said: "Harry W. Jones." "How old are you?" he asked. I replied: "I don't know." He said: "You mean to tell me, you don't know how old you are?" I said: "I mean to tell you, sir, just that." Then he said: "Do you dare to pose as an intelligent man, and have the audacity to tell me, before this court, that you do not know your age?" I said: "I do, sir." Then, turning to the judge, the lawyer requested him to compel me to answer his question. The judge, addressing me, said: "Mr. Jones, you are to answer these questions if you can." I said: "Well, your honor, my mother told me I was born the 12th day of July, 1864, but when she told me it, she was not under oath; I am." Continuing, I said: "If my mother was correct, I am thirty-one years of age." The lawyer then asked me: "Is it true, Mr. Jones, that you have been to State's prison?" I said: "Yes, sir, it is." "I thought so," he said, "from what I have heard." Then, turning to the court, he said: "Gentlemen, you see this man, who is a jail bird himself, now trying to be a New York City Parkhurst on a small scale, and seeking only notoriety and his own popularity." "Mr. Jones," he said, "you will in-

form the court why you were sent to prison?" Turning to the judge, I said: "Your honor, who is on trial here, the prisoner or H. W. Jones?" The judge replied: "The prisoner; but I think the question asked you is in order." "Then, your honor," I replied, "when I was connected with the Y. M. C. A., I was chairman of the prison work, and went to the prison every Sunday afternoon to hold meetings; that was why I went to jail." The lawyer became furious. The prosecuting attorney, before I took the stand, said: "If you can only rattle this lawyer, Mr. Jones, we have our case; he will undoubtedly ask you mean and contemptible questions; but if you can only keep cool, we will come out on top." So I knew what I was doing all the time I was evading his direct question, and at last he informed me that would do. Then different witnesses took the stand, and, after a thorough examination, the prosecution was finished. And at three o'clock that afternoon, a verdict of guilty was brought in, with $138 fine and six weeks' imprisonment. The case was appealed, and though I was in the State nearly a year after that, there was sufficient influence brought to bear to keep it out of the higher courts, so I don't know to this day what became of the case.

After the first case was finished, the other prisoner was tried, and in a very short time he

was found guilty and fined $58 and costs, which he paid immediately.

The young lawyer made a statement after the trial that he and his people would run me out of the town in less than three months, as they were all members of my church excepting the uncle who was arrested. I told him: "Go ahead and do your best; I am only doing my duty, and will do it to the end." Instead of injuring me at the church, my congregations continued to grow; there were a number of additions to the membership; and everything flourished until early in June, when my little girl was taken ill. Her sickness was such that it completely wore her mother and myself out, we being up so much with her, so I was compelled, on the sixth of July, to close my ministry with this people, intending to take a rest, and I preached my farewell sermon that night, and the following Wednesday our little darling passed away. Saturday, when we left the place, a white hearse led the way for us, bearing the remains of our only child. We drove to Bridgeport, where we took the New York, New Haven & Hartford cars for Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, where the interment took place. I committed the little darling to the grave. From there we went to my wife's home in New York, and for several weeks her life was despaired of.

CHAPTER VII.

A VISIT FROM MY SISTER.

WHEN our little one died, we expected my oldest sister to arrive from England the following Saturday. That was the reason why we kept her little body so long; but late on Friday night I received a telegram from the Cunard Steamship Company, informing me that, in all probability, the steamship "Umbria" would not reach New York until late on Sunday night, or early Monday morning. I immediately consulted the undertaker as to the advisability of keeping little Mabel's body until Monday afternoon, as my sister had never seen her, notwithstanding the fact that the child was fifteen months old when she died. He strongly advised me not to do it, but to have the funeral, as we had arranged, on Saturday, so we did as he suggested. When I arrived at New York Saturday evening with Mrs. Jones, after we had buried our little one, I was greatly surprised to learn that the "Umbria" had arrived. I immediately went down to her dock, but could find no trace of my sister. I then visited the hotels where she would

be likely to go, but still could learn nothing of her. I gave up the search until Sunday morning, when I visited two or three hotels, with the same result as the day before—only to find disappointment awaiting me. I then went to the New York Central Baggage Room, thinking I might possibly see her baggage there. It not being there, I went over to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Baggage Room, and the first thing I saw there was her baggage. The next question was, What had become of Emma? I asked the baggage master if he knew anything of the lady to whom these trunks belonged? He replied: "Yes, sir, she has gone to Stepney, Conn., to see her brother." I said: "Well, sir, I am that brother. When did she leave here?" He answered: "On the three o'clock train Saturday afternoon." Then I knew that she had passed Woodlawn Cemetery while I was conducting the services for our little pet, as the cars had to pass there. I telegraphed inquiring about her to Mr. A. B. Curtiss, one of the members of the Stepney Baptist Church, who was a very prominent merchant at that place. I received an answer saying she was there, and would return to New York that evening. My wife and I met her at the station, and it was a very sad meeting for us, for my sister, when leaving England, had not even heard that our child was seriously ill.

After we reached the home of my wife's people, she commenced relating her experiences by saying how disappointed she was at not finding me at the dock to meet her, as she expected I would, on the arrival of the ship, and that, being a stranger in New York, she did not know where to go; so she thought the best thing she could do was to go to Stepney, as there she would be sure to find me; but, continuing, said: "You can imagine my disappointment when alighting from the cars to find not a single person at the station. I stood there for some time; and at last Mr. Curtiss came up and very politely inquired if I was expecting any one. I replied: 'Yes, I expect my brother, the Baptist minister, at any moment, as I telegraphed him before leaving New York that I would be on this train.' He replied: 'Well, madam, I am sorry to inform you that your brother evidently did not get your telegram, as he left here this morning with Mrs. Jones. They took their little baby away with them.' 'That is impossible,' I said, 'as he would not go away when he knew I was coming to visit him.'" Mr. Curtiss, realizing that she was not aware of the sad news, informed her that we had gone away to bury our little child. "Can it be possible," she said, "that Harry's baby is dead?" "Yes, Miss Jones," he replied, "I am sorry to say it is; and Mrs. Jones is in a terrible condition over her sad loss."

That ended the conversation on this solemn subject that evening, as I was very anxious to get Mrs. Jones's mind away from her trouble. I was so glad that my sister had come, as she was of the greatest assistance when going around to various places of interest with us, trying, as she did all the time, to divert our thoughts from the past. The time arrived for her to leave us, and we felt very sad. Before going that morning, she said: "Harry, mother sent some things to little Mabel. What shall I do with them?" I said: "By all means leave them." Then she began to take from her trunk first the little slippers, then the tiny dresses, and a little baby hood, which actually caused us to feel we were burying our little one again. My wife picked them up and kissed them, saying: "Our little darling will never wear these things." I said: "No, Anna; baby has no need of such. She has been plucked as a tiny lily from our little garden, and has been transplanted by the Heavenly Husbandman into that garden where death and sorrow will never mar her happiness again. She is clothed now in the pure, spotless garments of the Saviour, who is the same Christ who, when on earth, picked little ones up in His arms, 'put His hands upon them, and blessed them,' and He has picked up our little darling and nestled her fondly to His bosom, and by and by when all is ended here for us, we shall

meet her again in His kingdom." After this conversation, my wife seemed to feel more composed, but it was several weeks before she was herself again.

Looking back to-day, we can thank God that even our sorrows have been a blessing to us. We both feel, when called upon to mourn with those who have been bereaved of loved ones, that we can approach them in a different spirit, having passed through the same waters that they are passing through; and we can see how everything in our lives, even our sorrows, have been the clipped-winged messengers of God's love. My sister left us, after being with us about two weeks, to visit our relatives at Toronto, Canada. A few weeks after her departure, my youngest sister, Bessie, arrived from England, remaining with us a short time, when she, too, left us to visit our people in Canada.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO PECULIAR WEDDINGS.

AS I had concluded not to accept a call to any church until my wife had thoroughly recovered, I frequently went to churches just to supply their pulpit for one or two Sundays. The church at Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island, where I was acquainted, invited me to occupy the pulpit during the month of August, when their pastor was away on his vacation. I also went there and conducted the prayer-meetings on Friday evenings. These meetings were exceedingly helpful to me, and though only with this church a brief period, I learned to love them, and have cherished the kindliest feelings toward them ever since. Going there one Friday night, I told Mrs. Jones I would return home about ten o'clock. I was delayed, so did not return until 11:30. When I reached the house, I was surprised to see it brightly lighted up, as there was nothing going on of any importance, that I knew of, when I left. As I opened the door, a young man was standing inside of the room, and, with a most

peculiar grin and broken accent, said, laughing between every word: "I guess you know, sir, what I want." I said: "Oh, yes, I can surmise. I presume you want me to marry you." Continuing to laugh, he said: "Yes, sir, that is just it." I asked him if he had waited long. He said: "No, we got here about seven o'clock; I went out for half an hour and tried to get another minister, but could not find any, so I came back, and we decided to wait for you"—which caused me to see he had waited about four hours. I filled out the license, and was about to perform the ceremony, when he said: "Make it as brief as you can, please, sir; we are in a hurry." I said: "Oh, yes, I will." So, in less time than it takes me to write it, I pronounced them husband and wife. After I had united them in wedlock, I went into the study and brought out a large batch of certificates, to allow them to select the one they liked best, as I granted this privilege to all couples I married. They selected the best certificate I had—costing me one dollar and eighty-three cents. I told them I would fill it out and they could call for it the next day. The groom thanked me and said: "Good-night, sir; I am much obliged for your kindness. I left an envelope on the table for you—I put it under your Bible." I thanked him and said: "Good-night." Naturally, the first thing I did was to go and inspect the

envelope to see what was in it, and, to my amazement, found the whole sum of fifty cents enclosed. I was indignant; so, getting a certificate that cost about five cents, I filled it out and wrote a letter saying that the certificate they had selected having cost me nearly two dollars, I could not very well afford to let them have it for so small a fee as they had given me for marrying them. I enclosed the cheaper certificate, and told them that if they wished to remit one dollar and fifty cents, I would forward the certificate they had selected; but I heard nothing from them, so I presume the cheaper one answered every purpose.

A few days later I went down to the Y. M. C. A. Rooms, 23d Street and Fourth Avenue. I visited the library and, as I was coming down from there, I met a young man who asked me whether I was a minister? I said: "Why do you wish to know?" He replied: "Because they told me in the office there was a minister up in the library. I have been up there and, not seeing any one, thought perhaps you were the one." "Well, I am a minister," I replied. "What can I do for you?" He said: "Well, sir, I have a girl around the corner here on Fourth Avenue I want to be married to; but if you marry me, you will have to be quick about it, for her brother is on his way from Boston, and he swears he will shoot me on sight." I asked him why, think-

ing naturally it was a runaway match. He said: "Well, sir, I forged a certificate which went to show Dr. Judson had married us, but the young lady's brother was shrewd enough to write to the minister about it, and he replied that we were not married by him." I said: "Then come around to my house and I will be pleased to help you do what is right." So, going there, I very soon pronounced them husband and wife. They agreed to come for their certificate the next day. I filled it out, and left word that, should they come, I wanted at least one dollar and fifty cents for it. I did not care about the fee, but as the certificate cost me that much, they would have to pay me for it. Instead of the young man coming for the certificate, he sent his wife. She looked at it and then, putting it up the sleeve of her jacket, remarked that it was a very pretty certificate and that "George would call later and pay the minister for it." When I was informed what she had said about having her husband call and pay for it, I replied: "I guess he never will." Several months passed, and still I heard nothing from them, but at last I received a letter from him, enclosing a check for twenty-five dollars. At the same time he stated that he and his wife were doing nicely, went on to congratulate himself for having found so charming a helpmate, and thanked me for the way I had helped them.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, ARLINGTON, N. J.

CHAPTER IX.

AS PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ARLINGTON, N. J.

THE second Sunday in September of the same year, I received an invitation to go to Arlington, N. J., and supply the pulpit of the First Baptist Church there, with a view of accepting a call to the pastorate. I went and preached for them, and at the close of the evening services received a cordial invitation to return there the following Sunday, which I did. The first week in November, I received a very gratifying call to become their pastor, and accepted it the second Sunday of that month. The church was then meeting in a building which had been previously used as a gymnasium, and when it was offered for sale, the congregation of the First Baptist Church purchased it for $1,800. The Sunday after I accepted the call was very stormy. I entered the pulpit of the church and, looking down the long, narrow hall, I was surprised to hear such a tremendous noise on the roof caused by the rain. I gave out the first hymn, but people standing at the rear of the building could not hear

me preach, so I left the pulpit and, walking half way down the aisle, commenced to talk just as loud as my lungs would permit. I embraced the opportunity under most favorable conditions of commencing a building fund for the erection of a new church edifice, as I certainly could advocate the necessity of such a step, judging from the racket on the roof. My congregation admitted that the plan was a good one, but advised strongly my postponing it until we could advertise we were going to do it. This I agreed to, announcing I would preach a sermon on Sunday, December 8th, when an offering would be taken for that purpose; and as I was informed that this discourse proved a blessing to many, I insert it here, with the earnest prayer that it may prove helpful to the reader. The theme was "Removal, and its Responsibilities."

"If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence" (Ex. xxxiii. 15).

This is a prayer which has been used hundreds of times, and which is found quite appropriate for almost all occasions. Moses was in the wilderness when he offered it, and about to lead the children of Israel into Canaan, the land that flowed with milk and honey; yet he felt he would sooner put up with the inconveniences of tent life in the wilderness, so long as God was with him, than to enjoy the fatness of the land of Canaan

without Him. The desert, to Moses, through the blessings of God, had become like a garden; he realized that all the gardens and vineyards of Eshcol would avail him nothing, should God withdraw His presence from him. All through the history of the Church Universal, and especially this Church, there have been times when men have been compelled to fall upon their knees and earnestly offer this prayer. We can imagine our Puritan fathers, as they left their native land to come here to seek the liberty they could not find at home, bowing their knees before they boarded the "Mayflower" and devoutly crying: "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

We see John Bunyan, whom we heard of at Dr. Chambers's lecture, delivered here on Tuesday night—after twelve years' confinement in prison, he had become almost habituated to it—ere he crossed the threshold, when the time of his imprisonment was over, looking upon the cold, damp walls of the prison over the walls at Bedford, and saying: "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." Let the dreamer still remain in his dingy cell, with his God, rather than permit him to go out into the world, leaving his Master behind him. When you called me as your pastor, my prayer was, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." When you

have to pass through any of the great changes of life, and when, in the providence of God, you are removed from one community to another, you may well look up to God in prayer and say, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." And when our weary pilgrimage is over, and the hour has come for us to die, when we stand with one foot on our mother earth and the other stepping out into eternity, when we must wade through the Jordan of death, leaving our friends behind us, what prayer would be more appropriate than this: "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence"? To go anywhere, or to do anything without God is terrible; but dying without Christ is too awful for me to describe. To go out trembling into the cold waters of death without any helper, or to step out into the darkness without the kind, gentle voice saying: "Fear not; my rod and my staff shall comfort thee, and I am with thee," must be awful indeed.

We are contemplating the advisability of forsaking this building and erecting a more suitable structure, with better facilities for church work; still, inadequate as this building is, there are many hearts, I hope, who will ever cherish the memories of this place, because Christ has often been visibly placed before them, and, by the grace of God, in this hall they were born again. Though

many advantages will, we hope, follow us when we shall enter upon a larger and more public place of worship on Kearny Avenue, where three times as many people will have the opportunity of listening to the Word of God as can listen here, still we all unite in prayer and earnestly desire, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." Here we will remain, unless Thou, the Shekinah of the Highest, will accompany us when we go, and permit Thy loving countenance to ever shine upon us and cause us to behold Thy glory. Oh, brethren, pray, not only here and now, but in the home at your family altar: "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

Now let us try and ascertain what the presence of God really means. We hope to erect a church of architectural beauty, as I do not believe God's house should be any meaner than our own; we hope to have many luxuries provided for this house, for the greatest riches are not too good to be devoted to the service of our God. Though Kearny Avenue is one of our most fashionable avenues, it is not our intention when over there to court the wealthy and pass the needy by; rather we hope that there the rich and the poor will congregate together on one level, to worship the humble though mighty Christ, and give reverence to His holy name.

Our building may be the grandest that was ever erected, its very walls may glisten like diamonds, still it will be a gloomy place unless God's presence is with us, as it is the divine presence we need to complete the glory of His house. What is it that dries the mourner's eyes? Nothing but the sight of Christ, and a vision of that glorious face when Christ wept. He is able, He is willing to bind up every broken heart. And if we members of the First Baptist Church expect to be a holy people, we can only be such by looking at the holy face of Christ and endeavoring to become conformed to its image. Though we preach very earnestly, unless Christ is held up in every sermon, men will not become Christlike, as His presence is the most essential feature to enable us to grow in grace. We must have Christ, or all our efforts will avail us nothing. Oh, I feel the need of Christ more now than ever before, as I can never reach men for Him unless I have His presence always with me. May He grant us success, and if we enter our edifice, which we expect to ere long, may He help us to be humble, and may our doors swing wide open to welcome the vilest of the vile; and if perchance a drunkard wanders in among us, may God enable him to exchange his deadly cup for the cup of salvation, that is filled with the water of life, and may he drink of it evermore. We shall have such glori-

ous sights as these if His presence go with us; but even now, dear Father, we pray: Unless Thy presence go with me, carry us not up hence.

But now for the thought innermost in our hearts: we want to move from this building. If God's presence accompanies us, shall we do so? I answer, Yes, by all means; we must, we can, we shall. I feel this place is not a suitable place for public worship; I feel it as a minister of the Gospel; I am quite sure you must feel it as a people. See last Sabbath, when that large company assembled here, our ventilation was very poor, so poor that one or two fell asleep; I do not blame them, the wonder is that you did not all become drowsy. We hope to see as large an audience at all our services over there, for we are going to a place of which we entertain great expectations. Here on Beach Street we meet a handful of people, we put forth great efforts, all of which virtually are lost, because we must all admit we are really out of sight here; therefore we are anxious to move to a locality where the Baptist Church will be of prominence, where we shall be able to accommodate all that come to listen to God's Word, many of whom we trust will be converted. We believe over there our young men will enlist in the army of our great Commander and be loyal soldiers of the cross of Christ; but we are drawing pleasing pictures which will never be realized

unless God's presence go with us. When we go to the north side, we go to a place of great opportunities: all of you will have a marvellous scope of work, and as your pastor I shall have a wider door, which will ever be open before me for work of the grandest kind; but your greatest dread and fear is that our new home will involve greater responsibilities, and you wonder whether we can carry them. Man is weak, and of his own strength must fail. I reply: We cannot carry them any more than we can carry our load of sin; but if we put our responsibilities on the back of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, hoping, trusting, believing that He will help us, then we can. Over there our church will be in the most prominent place in our town; so may God grant that we, as its members, may be a holy people, "a city set upon a hill." God has done great things for us here and I believe He is going to do greater things still in our new edifice; but our watchword must be "Onward!" God will not allow us to sleep, we must be active, and if we follow our great Commander into the thickest of the fight, He will encourage us by His loving voice and bring us out at last more than conquerors. But even now we pray, oh, God: "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

And should God's presence go with us we can act in such a way as to drive Him from our midst.

As soon as we have erected our new house of worship, if we should stand inside of the porch and boast of the house we have built, God will leave us to our fate, as a proud heart is never God's palace, neither a proud church will He honor. And if we become dormant we can easily drive the Spirit away; but the quickest way to drive Him out is by disunion. I delight in the union which is manifest in our church now, as far as pastor and people are concerned, and as Christian men and women we should always be willing to bear with one another's infirmities—perhaps we have a great deal to put up with from one another, as there is always some one to give and take offence, and when the ship is sailing in smooth waters you will find the devil every time stowed away aft to try and scuttle her; and he would have succeeded long ago, were it not for the fact that some of our loyal workers have been ready to stop the leakage, and by their loving spirit would not allow members to disagree. If any of you have any disagreements, I pray you settle them, and leave them here behind you. Let us go up into our new building a loving and united people, which I believe you will, for I have the honor of being the pastor of a praying people; your prayer-meeting is the gauge of the church. Oh, how it helps me, to feel my people are praying for me, not only in the meetings of our church,

but in their homes also. Pray, brethren, pray, for more faith, and for the strength to undertake great things and to expect great things in return; and, whatever you do, be humble, be patient toward all men; be nothing, and then you will be something. For God's sake, for Christ's sake, for the Church's sake, and for each other's sake, let us be humble; and above all, as I said before, let us be united. You remember what Paul said: "I beseech Euodias and I beseech Syntyche that they be of the same mind in the Lord." They were two women, and some women will quarrel. But what did that matter?—you will say. It matters a great deal in this case, for they were members of the Church, and Paul did not like even two women who were members of the same church to disagree. What shall I, your pastor, say to any two male members of this church who are not at one with each other? Oh, let me beseech you in God's name, do not dig up the old bodies to investigate them, for by so doing you will only stir up a putrid smell, and as God has promised to forgive those who are willing to forgive one another, I beg of you, bury your grievances. *Bury them, bury them, bury them now!* Come, my brother, give me the unspeakable honor of committing them to the grave of forgetfulness for you. Are you willing? Yes, if you are Christian men I know you are only too willing. Then

bring the corpse of grievance hither, have no name plate on the casket, and while you stand with uncovered hearts at the grave of forgetfulness, it is by the help of God accomplished. Listen to the committal: Earth to earth, ashes to ashes—bury them deeply, bury them beyond the power of resurrection, and then we are assured the presence of God will go with us, for He will go with a united people every time.

Let us go up to our new church determined to work. Let every man say: "I will do something." I cannot plead with you as earnestly as I wish to God I could to-day, but I know you are as anxious as I am to go up into a better equipped edifice, and we can if we all will do our best. To-day I am going to ask you to deposit what you can in God's great savings bank of the First Baptist Church of Arlington, which every year will pay a dividend on every dollar you put therein, and the interest on it will be paid in the salvation of precious souls. God help those of you who can deposit a good amount to do so; and those who cannot deposit a large sum, deposit what you can in this bank of safe keeping for Jesus Christ, and God will bless you for so doing.

After I had preached this sermon, the first offering was taken up, and $700 were raised for the building fund. The next day a very promi-

nent printer of our town spoke to me of the sermon I had preached the day before. He said: "Mr. Jones, I have heard a great deal about your sermon of yesterday; and if your people can sell 5,000 copies at ten cents each, I will print them free of charge." Accepting his most generous offer, we got out the sermon in pamphlet form, the first page, having a lithograph of myself, bearing this inscription:

"Sermon by Pastor H. W. Jones, of the First Baptist Church, of Arlington, N. J."

"The members of this church have decided to erect a new house of worship in Arlington, and in view of this fact, on Sunday, December 8th, 1895, this sermon was delivered, after which an offering was taken up and $700 were raised for the Building Fund. As it touched our hearts and pocket-books so powerfully, we have, in order to raise additional money, had 5,000 copies printed, which we offer to our friends at ten cents each, thus making our pastor's discourse a three-fold blessing."

After these sermons were printed, we appointed several committees from among our young men, who went with me to the different churches in New York and New Jersey, where I would speak, and at the close of my remarks would announce that as our people were about to build a new church edifice, they had adopted this

plan of raising money, and our young men would be at the doors as the people were leaving the church and would be glad to sell them a sermon for the small sum of ten cents, or as much more as they saw fit to give. This plan worked grandly, the sermons sold anywhere from ten cents to $100 apiece—Miss Peddie, of the Peddie Memorial Church of Newark, N. J., being the first lady who sent a check of $100 for one. We found the plan working so well we were greatly encouraged, and our building committee, which we had appointed, decided they would immediately purchase a new site, appointing me a committee of one to select such a location as I thought best for the church. The next day I found a place which I was satisfied would be the best situation in the town, so, calling my committee together again, I consulted with them. They decided that the site was all right, and requested me to wait on Mr. Elsheimus, the owner of the property, and see what I could do with him. I saw him, and informed him that we wanted three lots, with the refusal of the fourth, for the erecting of a church and parsonage thereon for the congregation of the First Baptist Church, the church to be erected immediately; so I asked him to give me his lowest price for the ground. He agreed to sell it for $1,200, and as a donation would give $300 toward the church building. We accepted

the proposition, and in less than a month the lots were ours. Then we consulted the various architects, giving them an idea of what kind of building we wanted, and asked them to furnish us with plans. The plans of Mr. George E. Teets, of Arlington, met with great satisfaction, and we accepted them. Then we commenced in earnest to raise money for our church building and had wonderful success in this matter.

When going to Arlington, I found there were two brothers of the church who had some kind of grievance against each other which would not allow them to speak one to the other. That was why I made special reference in the sermon of December 8th as follows: "What shall I, your pastor, say to any two male members of this church who are not at one with each other?"

CHAPTER X.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE first week of January, 1896, was observed by the Presbyterians, Methodists, and our church as a Week of Prayer, and we held union services nightly, alternating in the different churches. On Thursday night, the Rev. John Hutchison, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, took charge of the meeting in his church, but I made the address on the subject of "Brotherly Love," pleading with the people to cultivate love and charity toward all men. At the close of my remarks, Mr. Hutchison called upon Brother ——, who was the member of our church that was not on speaking terms with Brother ——, to lead us in prayer. He offered a beautiful petition, asking God to give to all men that love for their brothers that Jesus Christ had, and to be charitable to all. As he said "Amen," I could not restrain the impulse of the moment to jump from the rostrum, and, going over to him, took him by the hand and said: "Brother, do you wish God to answer the prayer you have just made?" "Why, most assuredly I

do," he replied. Then I said: "You do your part toward answering it, then God will do His." He said: "I don't understand you, pastor." I replied: "Then I will make myself plain; I want you to go at once with me from this meeting to the house of Brother ——, and there become friends with him." He said: "Oh, no, I cannot do that." Then I pleaded with him. Tears came into his eyes, but he still persisted in refusing my request. At last I said: "Brother, then don't you hereafter ever dare make in my presence such a prayer as you have offered here to-night; if you do, I shall most certainly have something to say—for no man who is not one with his brother has a right to offer such a prayer as the one you have just made." Then he said: "Pastor, I will do it; I will go with you right now." "Now," I answered, "you are talking like a Christian man."

Getting our hats, we immediately left the church, and went over to the residence of Brother ——. After arriving there we found the brother had just returned from his business in New York. I said: "Brother ——, here is Brother ——, who has come here to take your hand, and to bury with you whatever grievances you two may have had." I knew all the time he had been only too anxious to have things settled between him and the other brother. Extending his hand, he said: "I am delighted to see you; come in." Then,

looking at his friend, he said: "We have not acted at all right: for we have been a hindrance in keeping many of the young people out of our church, but now all that is past; and as we have freely forgiven each other, so let us pray to be freely forgiven." Then I suggested that we all kneel down and ask God to bless us before we separated that night. Each of us led in prayer, and when we were through, I arose to my feet, asking the two brothers to remain kneeling and join right hands. And in that position, I put my hand on theirs as I would with a couple I was uniting in marriage and said: "Now, what God hath joined together, let not Satan ever put asunder."

From that time on, they became the closest friends; and the brother to whom I had spoken in the church, after a little while was received back as a deacon in our church, where he is today united with his people; and the only reason that he had withdrawn from them was on account of this misunderstanding he had with Brother ——, who also was a deacon of the church; and the most singular thing of the case was that neither knew the reason why their friendship had been severed.

CHAPTER XI.

MY DREAM, AND NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

WE held a meeting of our Building Committee at the church on a Friday night in the latter part of March, 1896, which detained us there until nearly midnight. The reason we were so long in session was owing to the fact that we were perfecting the plans for our new building, and a great deal of detail work had to be entered into. When I reached the parsonage, I was exceedingly tired, having been about the greater part of the day, seeking funds for the church from one source and another. So, soon after I retired, I was sound asleep. In the morning, when I came down to breakfast, I said to Mrs. Jones: "I have had the most singular dream I ever had in my life; I cannot understand it, nor can I imagine what it means." She looked horrified, and asked me if I really meant to infer that I was getting superstitious. I replied: "Of course not; but I will admit I cannot help thinking of it." She then asked me to relate it, which I did, as follows: "About two years ago a number of my

friends, ministers and others, gave me a tremendous basket, filled to the brim with eggs. Having no use for them at the time, I put them up on a very high shelf, and you, in the dream, asked me what I had done with those eggs that were given to me so long ago. I told you, and you requested me to get one from the basket. I secured a step ladder, and, mounting it, put my hand in the basket; and, instead of getting hold of an egg, my hand grasped a little mite of a chicken. So, taking the basket down and inspecting it, I found that all the eggs were hatched and the chickens were there on top of each other, just as the eggs were." She laughed heartily, and said: "It certainly is peculiar, but I would not take any notice of it." I told her I did not intend to, and our conversation drifted to other subjects.

I left the house about ten o'clock and went down to the post-office, and, unlocking my letter box, I found this letter:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 26th, 1896.

REV. HARRY W. JONES, STEPNEY, CONN.

Dear Sir:

Referring to your application, dated August 30th, 1894, for the position of Chaplain in the United States Navy, please inform me whether

you still desire this position. If you do, it is necessary that you should send to the Department some recommendations from your immediate ecclesiastical superiors, as to your fitness for the position.

Very respectfully,
W. McAdoo,
Acting Secretary.

I looked at the envelope and then looked at the letter. The Rev. George Thomas, of North Newark, was with me. I handed him the letter. He said: "That certainly looks encouraging." I invited him to take a walk up to the house with me and I would attend to the matter he wished me to that day. As I opened the door, I called out to my wife; she, answering, said: "What is it?" I replied: "The eggs are hatched." She answered: "What do you mean?" I said: "Never mind; those eggs are hatched." Then she began to scold me for teasing her and requested me to tell her what I meant. So I handed her the letter. She glanced at it, and then said: "I will not allow you to take that position." I said: "Why not?" "Well, we are doing nicely in our church work, and if you go into the Navy, it will take you away from home." "That is the old story gone over again," I said. "I will give you until noon, when I want your frank opinion." So Mr. Thomas

and I left the house. I returned at the hour agreed upon, and found my wife all smiles. The thought suggested itself to me: "She is determined to persuade me not to enter the Navy, and thinks she is going to succeed." So I said: "Anna, what is your decision?" Looking at me, she said: "If God wants you in the Navy, I will never stand in your way." I said: "That's right; that is the proper way to talk. Now I will telegraph that I am open for the appointment." And then, with tears in her eyes, she said: "But suppose we should have a war!" I, laughing at her, said: "War—don't think of it, the United States will never go to war." "Well, I hope not," she said. As my communication had been forwarded me from Stepney, I did not know whether it was absolutely necessary for me to telegraph from there or from Arlington; and as I was going to New York that afternoon, I went to the Astor House and sent this message:

ARLINGTON, N. J.

W. MCADOO, ACTING SECRETARY, NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sir:

Your communication just received. Am open for the position of Chaplain in the United States Navy, but regret very much to state it is impos-

sible for me, a Baptist, to be appointed as such, when I am required to send the endorsements of my immediate ecclesiastical superiors, there being no such heads in our denomination. What further can I do?

Respectfully,
HARRY W. JONES.

I received an answer telling me to come to Washington the following Tuesday for the purpose of meeting the President and the Secretary of the Navy. I arrived in Washington the first of April. Going to the Department, I first met Mr. McAdoo, who then introduced me to the Secretary. The Secretary took me over to the Mansion to meet the President. I waited outside the President's room, while the Secretary went in to inform him of my arrival. At last I was announced, so, going in before the President, he extended his hand to me, as the Secretary introduced me, greeted me very cordially, and said: "Mr. Jones, the Secretary and myself spent a great deal of time going over the list of applicants for the position of Chaplain in the Navy, and we have selected you, and have asked you to come here so we could see what kind of a man you were; of that we had little doubt, as I am pleased to tell you that wherever we have heard of you as a pastor, it is with the highest endorsement of

your method of reaching and helping young men; and as this will be, in all probability, the last Chaplain I shall create, I am very anxious to make no mistake in the appointment. What is wanted in the Chaplain is that he be a man who cannot countenance conceit, a man that will be simple in all his doings, and a man who will be a man among men of the Navy; and I am exceedingly anxious the Chaplain that I shall have the pleasure of nominating will be a man that will be a friend to those poor fellows, deprived as they are of mother's influence and home comforts, and not simply a ward-room figure-head."

And then, looking at me, he said: "Mr. Jones, your last communication came from New Jersey." I said: "Yes, sir, it did." "Your application, however, was made from Connecticut." I said: "Yes, sir, it was." He then asked me whether Connecticut was my native State? I said: "It is not, sir." Further questioning me, he said: "Which state is, then?" I replied: "Well, Mr. President, I was born in England; I could not help it, however—my parents did not consult me in the matter, so I had to be born where they saw fit; but if I had my way, I would have been born in America." "Well, you are naturalized, I presume," he said. I said: "Yes, sir, I have been for several years." Then he said: "That is all right." He then asked me whether I was a Democrat? I

said: "No, sir, I am not; but I assure you I am not a Prohibitionist." He said: "Well, it does not matter what you are, as a Chaplain in the Navy, as politics will never enter into that appointment; but we find it will be necessary, as you have left the State of Connecticut, where your application was filed, and now being in another State, for you to send an endorsement from the church you are now pastor of, and such other endorsements as you may secure that will help you in securing the appointment. I think I shall appoint you," he went on to say; "but do not be too positive, as there are hundreds of applications for this one vacancy." Then, extending his hand, he said: "Good day." I said: "Good day, Mr. President; I am pleased to have had the honor of meeting you, sir, and will say, before parting, if I am honored with the appointment, I will strive to do my whole duty to my God, my country, and the men of the Navy, believing if God wants me in the Navy, I shall be there, whether the President of the United States wants me there or not." Then, in a very gruff manner, he said: "Very well, sir, good day." And from the way he said it, when I left the room, I thought to myself, Evidently God does not want me in the Navy—as I felt I had offended him. Nevertheless, on returning home, I secured and forwarded the following recommendations:

NEWARK, N. J.,
February 14th, 1896.

TO THE HONORABLE, THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

My Dear Sir:

I have just learned that the Rev. Harry W. Jones is considered for an appointment in the Corps of Navy Chaplains, and hasten to add a word to the endorsement he has already filed.

Mr. Jones is our near neighbor in the town of Arlington, where he has already accomplished a magnificent work and endeared himself to the whole community. His simple, evangelical piety has given him a remarkable hold on all classes. As a worker among men he indicates marked ability. I can think of no one who would more conscientiously enter upon religious work among seamen, with wisdom to meet its great difficulties and patience to compass its noble ends.

Since the idea has long seemed to Mr. Jones a direct call of God, and to his brethren generally a fitting one, I shall wait with earnest hope to hear of his appointment. I am, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

CHAS. HASTINGS DODD,
Pastor First Baptist Peddie Memorial Church.

ARLINGTON, N. J.,
April 4th, 1896.

TO THE HONORABLE, THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Sir:

Having learned that our pastor, the Rev. Harry W. Jones, is considered to fill a vacancy in the Corps of Navy Chaplains, it was resolved at our regular monthly meeting, held at our church on the evening of April 3d, 1896, that we, as a church, do most heartily recommend him as a man of noble Christian character, an earnest and faithful minister of the Gospel, one who has, since coming to us, exerted a great influence over young men; and we do hereby authorize our board of deacons and church clerk to endorse him as a man possessing all the qualities which eminently fit him for the position for which he applies.

We shall feel his loss deeply, still we shall be glad to learn that he has received the appointment.

CORNELIUS B. VAN DYKE,
CHAS. N. BEEKMAN,
E. A. HOAGLAND,
Board of Deacons.
E. R. DOWNING,
Clerk of the First Baptist Church of Arlington, N. J.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ARLINGTON, N. J.,
Thursday, April 2d, 1896.

TO THE HONORABLE, THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Sir:

The pastor, officers, church and congregation by a unanimous vote endorse the application of the Rev. H. W. Jones for a place in the Corps of the Navy Chaplains in the following terms:

We recognize in Mr. Jones a man of sturdy piety, a preacher of force and eloquence, a pastor faithful and devoted; we believe him to be well fitted to deal with men in the position for which he is nominated.

This is the action of a church and congregation numbering five hundred.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN HUTCHISON,

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Arlington, N. J.

ARLINGTON, N. J.,
April 4th, 1896.

TO THE HONORABLE, THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Sir:

I have learned with pleasure that the application of the Rev. H. W. Jones, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Arlington, N. J., for the position of Chaplain in the United States Navy, is

now before you for consideration, and I desire to add my testimony to those that you have already received certifying to the sterling integrity, honesty of purpose and general fitness for a position such as Mr. Jones desires in the application that has been made.

As pastor of the Arlington Church, Mr. Jones has shown his ability, and it has been particularly pleasing to me to note the success he has had, particularly among men.

I feel that if he is appointed he will fill with credit the position and also be able to exert a wonderful influence for good among the men that will be given into his charge.

I certainly shall be very pleased to know that the appointment has been awarded to him.

Yours truly,

T. R. CORNWALL,

President Board Trustees, First Baptist Church, Arlington, N. J.

It is also a pleasure to have attached hereto the signatures of the Board of Trustees of the First Baptist Church, who have all expressed a desire to second the application that has been made; and in our official capacity our endorsement of the Rev. H. W. Jones is attached hereto.

E. A. HOAGLAND,
RICHARD MORRISON,
W. H. LATHAM,
E. T. FANNING.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.,
April 6th, 1896.

TO THE HONORABLE, THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Sir:

At the regular monthly session of the Baptist Ministers' Association of Newark and vicinity, held this 6th day of April, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

Resolved: That, having learned that the Rev. Harry W. Jones, a member of this Association, is now before the Department of the Navy for the appointment as a Chaplain in the United States Navy, we, the members of this Association, most heartily and voluntarily testify to his high standing as a man and as a minister, and to his eminent fitness, in our judgment, for such a post. We know him to be an earnest, practical man, eminently qualified to work with men of all ranks and devoted to the good of his fellow-men.

Resolved: That the President and Secretary be empowered to sign these resolutions, and that they be placed in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Jones to be forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy.

F. C. A. JONES,
President Baptist Ministers' Association of Newark and vicinity.

R. M. LUTHER,
Secretary Baptist Ministers' Association of Newark and vicinity.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CLOSE OF MY MINISTRY ON SHORE.

HAVING sent in the various endorsements to Washington, time passed, yet no news from the Navy Department. At last I began to think I was again to experience disappointment in not being appointed, but on the twenty-third day of May I received this letter:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 22d, 1896.

REV. HARRY W. JONES, ARLINGTON, N. J.

Sir:

Having been selected for appointment as a Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, you are hereby authorized to report to the Commandant of the Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., for the physical examination preliminary to appointment required by the U. S. Navy Regulations.

Very respectfully,
W. MCADOO,
Acting Secretary.

Accordingly, on the twenty-fifth of that month, I reported to Commodore M. Sicard, U. S. Navy,

who was then Commandant of the Navy Yard. He referred me to Medical Director C. H. White, U. S. Navy, President of the Board that was to examine me. I was requested to go into an anteroom and prepare for the physical examination. Just as the twelve o'clock whistles blew, four officers in full dress uniform came in, they being four surgeons of the Navy, who constituted the Board. They commenced the examination; and at five minutes after one they left the room and told me to prepare for the eye-sight test. Leaving that room, I entered another and went through that part of the examination; and after they had found my eye-sight satisfactory, they all adjourned, and told me I could get ready to leave the laboratory. At five minutes of two the Board came back, and the President of it, extending his hand, said: "Well, Chaplain—as you will be a Chaplain in a very few days—I have to congratulate you; you have qualified, and can expect your commission very soon after our report goes in." I said: "Well, gentlemen, I thank you, and shall leave here to-day believing I have a new lease of life after the overhauling you have given me." I then returned to Arlington.

On the evening of the sixth of June, Postmaster Stewart, of that place, called at the parsonage. Extending his hand to me, he said: "Good-evening, Chaplain Jones." I said: "Good-evening,

Mr. Stewart; but you are a little premature." He said: "Oh, no, I am not," and handed me the *Evening News,* a Newark, New Jersey, paper, saying: "Read this," as he pointed to the notice of my appointment. On the thirteenth day of June I received the following communication:

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY, BUREAU OF NAVIGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

June 12th, 1896.

CHAPLAIN HARRY W. JONES, U. S. N., ARLINGTON, N. J.

Sir:

The President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, having appointed you a Chaplain in the Navy, on the active list from the sixth day of June, 1896, I have the pleasure to enclose herewith your commission, dated the ninth instant. Please acknowledge receipt.

Respectfully,
J. M. RAMSAY,
Chief of Bureau.

This was the first communication I had received addressed to me as Chaplain of the U. S. Navy.

Having been informed of my appointment, I had the sad duty of reading the following, my resignation to my church:

STUDY OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ARLINGTON, N. J.,

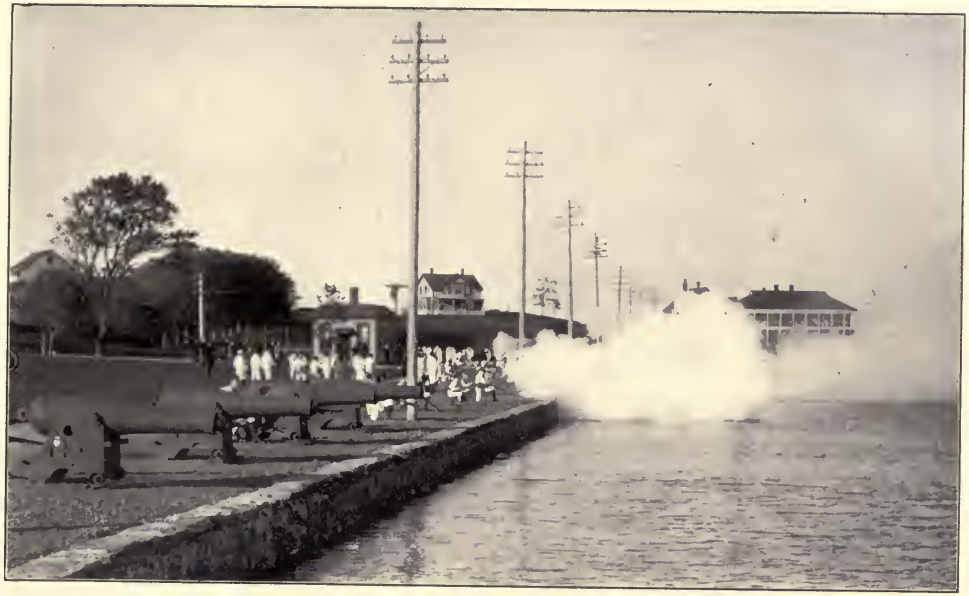
June 14th, 1896.

TO THE BOARD OF DEACONS, OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ARLINGTON, N. J.

My Dear Brethren:

A year has almost passed since I had the pleasure of first addressing you as a church, and seven months next Sunday have passed since I accepted your call to become your pastor. As I look back over the brief period of my pastorate, I am compelled to say, Surely God has been good to us, as He has showered blessings upon us all along the way, and my heart is filled with gratitude to Him for all that He has done. Especially do I thank Him for the love and unity He has permitted to remain in our midst, as from the very commencement of my ministry in Arlington the hearts of the people and pastor have been closely knit together.

It appeared as though we would be allowed to labor together for some time to come; but God, in His all-wise Providence, has willed it otherwise, so that to-night I have the painful necessity of saying that our most happy and cordial relationship must soon be severed, I having been appointed a Chaplain of the United States Navy, a position I have long desired and often prayed for.



SHAM BATTLE BETWEEN THE APPRENTICES AT TRAINING STATION, NEWPORT, R. I.

Recognizing the hand of God in the appointment, I feel called upon to tender you my resignation, to take effect July 15th, 1896. In doing so, permit me to most heartily thank you, one and all, for your co-operation so freely given in all things that I have advanced for the good of the church; and my prayer is that God will continue to smile upon you; and may He grant to send an under-shepherd to you, one that will lead you into pastures green and feed you constantly with the manna of Heaven, and build you up into a strong Church of Jesus Christ.

Yours for the good of the cause,
Your loving Pastor,
H. W. JONES.

On the evening of the fifteenth of June, having received my commission, I went to the residence of Judge M. M. Forrest, a gentleman of high esteem in our community, and a very dear friend of mine, as I would rather have him than any other person administer the oath of office to me, and found he was just as pleased to do it as I was to have him.

My friends immediately took steps to give me a banquet in New York and it was tendered me at the Hotel Bartholdi, 23d Street and Broadway, on the evening of June 30th, in honor of my appointment. A very enjoyable evening was spent

there, and though there were sixty-nine gentlemen present, it is very gratifying for me to state that not a drop of intoxicating liquor was drunk, nor even asked for, throughout the evening. The toasts were as follows, but were more in the style of addresses than anything else:

TOAST MASTER ....*Michael M. Forrest.*
With Eulogy of Chaplain Jones.
RESPONSE .....*Rev. Harry W. Jones.*
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
Hon. Joseph P. Mullin.
"OUR COUNTRY" .....*Wm. J. Gorsuch.*
THE NAVY .....*Joseph Parker, Jr.*
CONNECTICUT
Rev. Geo. W. Nicholson.
NEW JERSEY .....*Michael M. Forrest.*

Late that evening, we returned to Arlington by a special trolley car from Jersey City. As we were nearing the outskirts of the city, an old lady, taking our car to be a regular passenger car, boarded it, with a tremendous watermelon in her hand. One of our company, a good-natured fellow, assisted her in getting on the car, taking the watermelon from her, then very politely gave her his seat. Holding up the watermelon as high as he could, addressing our party, he said: "Gentlemen, what is the pleasure of this august assemblage regarding the disposal of this magnificent

watermelon?" One of the company shouted out, "I move it be cut up and distributed." Then the one with the watermelon said: "Is there a seconder to that motion?" And one of the company shouted, "I will second it." The vote was taken and unanimously carried. Then he, smiling, said: "If the gentleman who made the motion will kindly come forward and cut the melon, the vote will be carried out." He never came. The old lady all that time sat there looking in amazement at us, when he turned to her and said: "Madam, allow me to present you with this beautiful watermelon, which I really thought you had brought as a present for us."

I preached for my church from Sunday to Sunday until the time of the expiration of my resignation, and sweet indeed were those closing days of my ministry ashore, and many times do I look back and recall them. Not that I would have them return to me, but simply as a sweet memory of the past.

TRAINING STATION, NEWPORT, R. I., 1896.
Showing Tents for Summer Quarters.

PART II.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A CHAPLAIN ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST ORDERS TO DUTY.

ON the thirtieth day of July, 1896, I received orders from the Secretary of the Navy to proceed to Newport, R. I., and report to the Commandant of the Naval Training Station there for duty on the U. S. T. S. "Constellation," and for such other duty as might be assigned me. Accordingly I reported on the third day of August and was met very cordially by Commodore R. R. Wallace, U. S. Navy, he being the Commandant. He informed me of the duties I would be expected to perform. Besides being Chaplain, I found I had to be a sort of overseeing schoolmaster. At this station there were three hundred and eighty-seven boys, ranging from fourteen to seventeen years of age. The various periods of education were conducted

hourly during the day. I had three assistants with me in the class-room, who carried on the educational work under my supervision. Sunday came; the boys were mustered as the bugle sounded, and all marched in a very orderly manner into the gymnasium, where divine services were to be conducted. The Stars and Stripes were lowered, and above them went the Church pennant, which is a white triangular flag with a blue Roman cross in the centre. I took my place behind the desk and commenced my first service as a Chaplain in the Navy. All the Protestant boys were compelled to attend this service. The Roman Catholic boys were sent ashore to attend Mass. I never spoke to a more attentive lot of boys in my life than I did that morning. In fact, I never addressed a more attentive gathering anywhere. Instead of preaching a sermon to them, I gave them a talk as to what they might expect from me, and what I should expect from them, urging them to be obedient to orders and do their utmost to conduct themselves in an orderly manner, assuring them that if they did what was right, they would never get into trouble, and would grow up to be men such as our country would be proud of. At the close of the service, I told the boys I would be pleased to see any of them at my office, at any time, who wished to consult me upon any subject.

The next Sunday, after I had preached to them, I extended an invitation to all boys desirous of becoming Christians to come to my office and see me. I continued this custom three or four Sundays without result, when finally I went to the office as usual after the close of the service, and was taking off my gown, when I heard a gentle rap on the door. I said: "Come in"; and a little fellow—who in fact was the smallest boy at the station—came in, appearing very timid. I recognized him as George Scull, and I said: "Well, George, what is it?" He replied: "Chaplain, I have come to see you to-day, sir, to ask you if I can say my prayers in my hammock, instead of kneeling down on the floor?" I said: "Why do you ask me that, George?" He said: "Well, sir, when I left home I promised my mother I would never retire at night without first asking God to bless me and forgive the sins that I had committed during the day." I said: "That is right, George; but why do you wish to say your prayers in your hammock?" He said: "You see it is just this way, sir: when I came to the station, before turning in the first night, I knelt down on the floor in the upper part of the gymnasium, where I swing my hammock at night, and whilst I was saying my prayers, first a rubber boot came at my head, then a cake of soap, a scrubbing brush, and all sorts of things, until finally I had to give

it up. As I tell you, sir, it is mighty hard to pray under those conditions." I said: "Well, my boy, there is no necessity of your kneeling down and causing the boys to sin by interrupting your devotions; you can pray anywhere. If you are aloft furling sail; out on the field at battalion drill; in fact, anywhere, in any position, you can make that a place of prayer." He said: "Well, sir, then I will say my prayers in my hammock hereafter." He then left the office.

The next Tuesday night, going over to the gymnasium about half past seven o'clock, I saw George. He seemed to be very happy, and came over to me and said: "Chaplain, I feel so much better, sir, now that I have started to pray again. I feel like a different boy." I encouraged him, then went upstairs to my office; and when I came down, saw a group of boys off in the far corner of the gymnasium. I walked over to see what was going on, and there was little George in the midst of them, telling them how sweet it was to follow Jesus and have Him love us. I was greatly rejoiced to find the religious influence of that little disciple was permeating the boys.

One Sunday morning after service, George and seven other boys came to my office. He, being spokesman for them at first, said: "Chaplain, we boys have learned to love Jesus Christ, and we are very anxious to follow Him into the baptismal

UNITED STATES S. S. "CONSTELLATION," NEWPORT, R. I.

Dressed in Honor of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Day She was Launched, 1797-1897.

waters, and would like you to baptize us, sir." I looked at them, and, just to test them, said: "You wish me to sprinkle you?" Every one of them spoke up and said: "No, sir, we want it done the way Jesus had it done; we want to go right down into the water." I told them I would have to consult the commanding officer, and see what he said about it, promising them that, if I possibly could arrange it, I would baptize them the next Sunday. I communicated with my own church, the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church, situated on Lexington Avenue and 111th Street, New York, asking permission of the church to baptize these boys and receive them into the fellowship of that church; for when the boys would leave the station, in all probability, New York would be their headquarters, and I felt that if they were members of a church in New York City, it would be very helpful to them when going there, as they were almost certain to do later on. The church was most happy to grant my request. The Commandant also gave his permission, so I made arrangements with the Second Baptist Church of Newport to baptize the boys in their baptistery.

The second Sunday in September was selected for the administration of the ordinance. That afternoon I was talking with the candidates, and I found them true, conscientious followers and believers of Jesus Christ. I said: "Boys, I will go

and telephone to Dr. Caswell, the senior deacon of the church, and see if everything is all right for this evening." So I went into the Executive Officer's office and telephoned to the doctor, asking him to have the chill taken from the water, so that it would not be too cold for the boys. The boys overheard me, and came into the office and said: "No, Chaplain, we don't want any warm water about this! We don't believe the waters of the Jordan were warmed when Jesus went into them." I said: "All right, boys; I will telephone cancelling that order." My colored mess attendant aboard ship went over to the church to assist me in robing. He had my long rubber boots with him. When we boarded the launch which was to take us over, he accidentally allowed the boots to open out. The boys looked at them for some time, and finally one of them said: "Excuse me, Chaplain, but are you going to wear those boots to-night?" I said: "Yes." Then they all seemed to meditate for some time and looked rather serious, when the little Scull boy spoke up and said: "Chaplain, do you think, sir, that John the Baptist wore boots like that?" I said: "I guess not, George." Then, after a little more pondering, they said: "Sir, if you don't mind, we would like you to do it the way that John did it." I said: "All right, boys, it shall be done that way; but I have only one pair of trousers with me." They

said: "Well, sir, you can baptize us in your trousers and go home in your boots."

Fortunately, I was able to get a message to the ship for an extra pair of trousers. The church was crowded when we reached there. The eight boys, accompanied by eight others and a schoolmaster, who were to assist them, were all dressed in their blue uniform; each candidate had his white duck uniform under his arm, and they presented a very pretty picture as they walked down the aisle of the church. I preached the sermon that night, choosing for my theme "Who should be baptized?"—my text being, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest," from Acts eighth chapter, a part of the thirty-seventh verse. I had good attention during my remarks, and at the close gave out the hymn that was to be sung during the baptism, selecting the same hymn that was sung the night I was immersed, "Ashamed of Jesus."

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

"Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

"Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

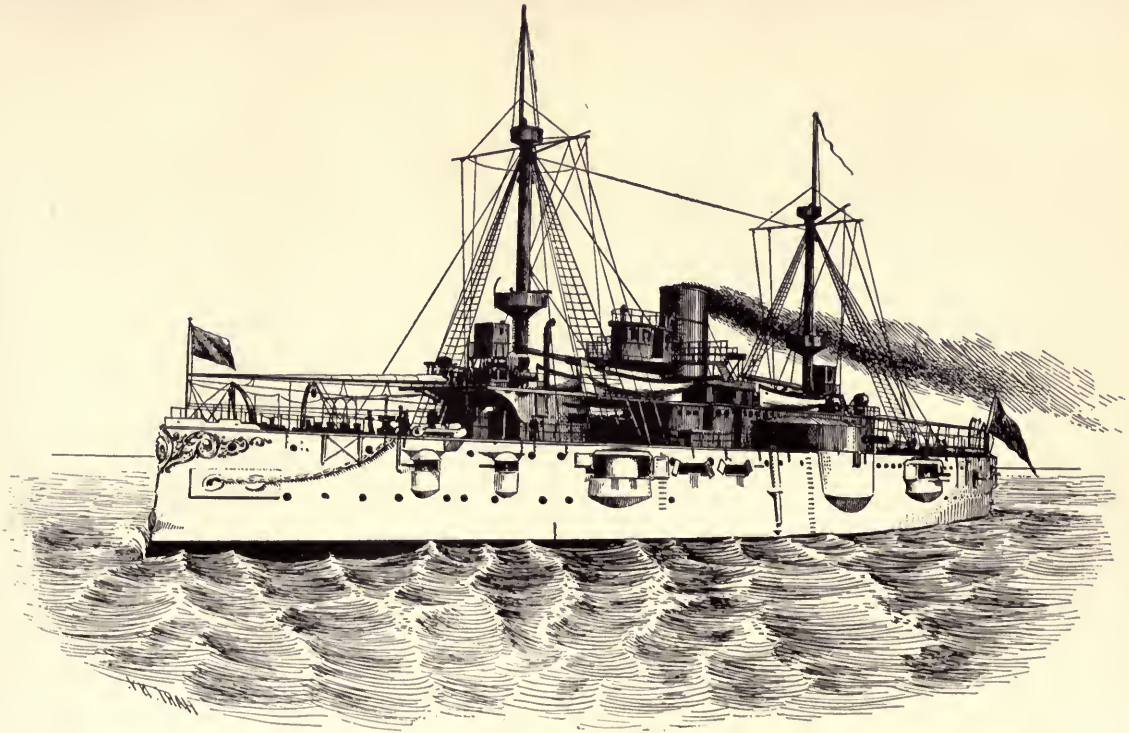
"Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

"Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me."

The boys shifted from their blue into their white duck suits. Little George Scull was the first lad to enter the water with me, and as we stood there, and as that immense audience gazed upon him, I said: "George, my boy, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart?" And with a beautiful smile and a clear toned voice he said: "Yes, sir, I do." Then I said: "Are you willing, George, to trust Jesus and serve Him, no

matter where you may be?" He said: "Yes, sir; because I know He will help me." I then uttered the usual words, "Upon profession of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and in obedience to the great commission, I baptize you, my dear boy, into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." A great silence followed the immersion, and while George was being led out of the water he joined in the singing of the hymn with the congregation. One after another of the boys I baptized, asking each of them the same questions I had asked George. Three of them had been Roman Catholics. The next Sunday night I immersed five more boys in the same church, and sweet indeed was the pleasure of laboring with these coming men of our Navy.

I was detached from Newport on the fifteenth day of October, 1896, with orders to proceed to Tompkinsville, N. Y., and report to the Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Station for duty on board the U. S. S. "Texas." Leaving the station that night, the boys assembled on the dock, where I was to board our steam launch, which was to take me to the Fall River boat. As I stepped aboard the launch, the boys commenced cheering and shouting, and I had no idea until then how closely they were knit to me, and I to them. I shall never forget the pleasant duty I had at Newport—my first duty in the Navy.



U. S. BATTLESHIP "TEXAS."

CHAPTER II.

CHAPLAIN OF THE U. S. S. "TEXAS."

IN obedience to my orders, I reported on board the flagship "New York" off Tompkinsville, N. Y., on the nineteenth day of October, to Rear-Admiral F. M. Bunce, Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Forces on North Atlantic Station. He directed me to report to Captain Henry Glass, U. S. Navy, commanding the U. S. S. "Texas." I was taken over to her on one of the "New York's" steam launches, and, climbing the gangway of the "Texas," I was amazed at her gigantic structural beauty. The Officer of the Deck met me cordially and directed me to the Captain's cabin. After reporting for duty, I was introduced by the Captain to his Executive Officer, Lieutenant-Commander J. D. J. Kelley, U. S. Navy. I found him a very genial gentleman, and he very kindly introduced me to all the officers on board, after which he assigned me to my room, the sixth on the port side, that being the Chaplain's room on every ship, and the port side being the side Staff Officers occupy. A little later, I went on deck. Gazing up and down, I was impressed with the

beauty of the quarter deck, which is known to be the best deck any ship of the Navy has, and, as I stood there, I soliloquized thus: Here I am, Chaplain of this magnificent ship, manned by three hundred and ninety-eight men, including officers. In fact, this is my parish. These men are intrusted to me for their spiritual upbuilding, and what a wonderful field for work in trying to remodel the characters of some of these young men!

I found the men exceedingly glad that they had had a Chaplain sent to them, and they expressed themselves frequently as being determined to stand by me, and assist me in all that I did. After breakfast that day—the breakfast being served on board a warship at noon—I walked about the ship and thought I would venture down below; so, going down one of the ladders, I commenced to go through the redoubt and presently was travelling in very crooked paths, frequently coming up against a solid bulkhead, instead of finding a door as I expected. I thought: "This is peculiar; I had better try and find the main deck"; but, to my astonishment, I was lost in the bowels of the ship. Meeting a man in one of the passage-ways, I was tempted to inquire the way, but refrained from doing it, for fear the officers and crew would laugh at me; so I kept going for some time until at last, to my joy and relief I was back on deck.

Having seen a great deal of the men through the week, I talked with them freely on the relationship of the Chaplain to his men, trying to impress them with the fact that, while being an officer in the Navy, I wished them to consider me their friend, put there by my country to help them in becoming men who would be a credit to our nation, assuring them that whatever was in my power to assist them to become manly men, I would do with the greatest pleasure.

One thing that greatly touched me was the way several of them spoke of their mothers, their home, and their sisters; still, many had left them of their own accord, and I could not but feel how happy a young man must be who appreciates his sacred obligations while he yet has the pleasure of being a member of the home circle and, by his words and deeds, is able to voice his appreciation to those who are most interested in him. I had often heard my own dear mother say: "A boy that is good to his mother will make a good man." Thinking over my work, I frequently reminded them of that.

This important fact staggered me, as I viewed it seriously, that a Chaplain on board a battleship was the sole representative of the religion of Jesus Christ, and I knew these men were going to be governed largely by the way they saw him act in their presence. Many people had said to me

that a Chaplain's life was an exceedingly easy one. I beg to differ with them, however, and say, not with the spirit of egotism, but because I think it is an absolute fact, a minister on shore has twice as easy an occupation as a Chaplain aboard a ship. A minister is known best by his own immediate family. In fact, no one knows him as well as his wife and children, and no one sees the minister as he really is, but those of his family circle. His congregation see him in his pulpit at different times, and he is with them on their prayer-meeting nights during the week, but they don't see that minister as a man. They simply see him as a pastor and preacher; and I don't believe there is a minister in the world who would be willing to live with his whole congregation seven days in the week, that is, to have each member of it become one of his immediate family —but that is what the Chaplain has to do. He preaches to the men on Sundays, and during the week has extra meetings, but he has to live with his men all the time, and he is constantly watched, to see whether he is a man after the calling of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, if there is the least inconsistency exhibited by that man in their presence, his influence with them is gone forever. In fact, I think a Chaplain's life is the hardest one a Christian man can live. He has no encouragements to help him in his work, no loved ones to stimulate

him, nothing of the sweet discipleship of noble Christian women that the minister is blessed with at home; he has to stand there alone, single handed, to fight against the tremendous army of Satan. Many times, however, he is privileged to find sweet Christian men among the officers, and oftentimes in the crew are noble Christian fellows, striving to live for the Lord Jesus Christ; and where he is fortunate enough to find such men, it is of great assistance to him in reaching others, as example counts for much in the Navy. If the Commanding Officer absents himself from the divine services, it does tremendous injury in the matter of attendance; but if the Commanding Officer feels that it is his duty to recognize the services for the sake of the men, the effect is wonderful in influencing many of them to attend.

The first Sunday morning I was on board ship, the bugle sounded, calling the men to church at 10:30. The service was held on the gun deck. As I gave out the first hymn, I was standing alongside of a modern six-inch gun. The contrast was very noticeable. There I stood, speaking of peace and love, and yet beside me was this then silent messenger of destruction; this idea seized me, however, that a warship is not made to destroy—she is made to prevent war; and the stronger our Navy becomes the less is the probability of our ever engaging in battle. I had a sweet time with

the men that day, telling them what I would expect of them and what they could expect of me, and trying to impress upon them this truth: That I knew there was not a man there, a true man-of-war's man, that loved his country and his flag, who would ever think of bringing disgrace to either, and yet reminded them that in the short time I had been on board I had seen two or three men returning from liberty intoxicated. If those men would only look at their uniform, and try to realize that it stood in the place of their flag, I knew they would never bring disgrace upon it. After I had pronounced the benediction, I went up on the quarter deck. The Church pennant was still flying above the Stars and Stripes. So I ventured to ask an officer why the Church pennant always went above the national colors. He replied: "Well, Chaplain, that is the only pennant that is allowed to go over the flag. If the President should visit this ship, his flag goes up on the mast-head, but as soon as a Chaplain takes his place behind the desk, to hold divine service, the flag is lowered, and the Church pennant goes above it, which means this—God is over all."

I learned to love these men as I continued with them. In fact, the more I saw of them, the more I was impressed with their singleness of purpose and sincerity of heart. Whenever a man came to me and told me that he wanted to live a different

life, I knew he meant it: you will never find a hypocrite among the enlisted men of our Navy, for they have nothing to gain in trying to live dual lives. And, moreover, they have to continue to live in the presence of the men that they have been in the habit of sinning with, and they are very likely to have a great deal of sport on the coming out of a man on the side of Jesus Christ.

I had not been on board long before I commenced receiving letters from many of my friends, inquiring why I had been assigned to the "Texas," as she was known to be a hoodoo ship, and wondering whether the Department had anything against me, feeling sure every man sent to that ship would sooner or later come to grief. I heard so much about this thing that it became very annoying. I even read that a Congressman from the State of Texas got up on the floor of the House and requested to have the name of the battleship "Texas" changed, because she was a disgrace to his State. I don't know how true that is, whether he ever said it or not; but yet it must be true—for I read it in a New York newspaper.

We remained at Tompkinsville until the middle of November, when we went up to the Navy Yard to be dry docked; and while there the Secretary of the Navy received this letter from Galveston, Tex.:

GALVESTON, TEX.,
December 10th, 1896.

HON. HILARY A. HERBERT, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

Dear Sir:

At a recent meeting, participated in by the different commercial organizations of Galveston, at which were present officers of the Cotton Exchange, Chamber of Commerce, Maritime Association, Board of Trade, Freight Bureau, Deep Water Utilization Committee, and resident railroad officials, the undersigned were appointed a committee to correspond with Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy, in an effort to secure a visit from the White Squadron, or at least a portion of the Squadron, including the battle-ship "Texas," to Galveston, February 16th, 1897, on the occasion of the twelfth annual convention of the National Education Association, to be held at Galveston. The last report of Major A. M. Miller, of the Government Engineers, covering the December survey, shows a good twenty-five foot channel leading into Galveston Bay.

By popular subscription, the people of this State raised $5,000, which has been expended in the purchase of a silver service for the battle-ship "Texas." This service is now ready for presentation. It is the desire of those having the matter in charge, if agreeable to the Honorable Secre-

tary of the Navy, to present this silver service to the "Texas" at Galveston on the date above named.

In view of the fact that Galveston has deep water and that the Atlantic Squadron, or a portion of said Squadron, has been invited to visit New Orleans during the Mardi Gras festivities, in behalf of the commercial interests of Texas and the West, we desire strongly to urge the Honorable Secretary of the Navy to take such action as will secure to Galveston on the date above mentioned a visit from the whole or a portion of the Atlantic Squadron.

We respectfully request the Honorable Secretary of the Navy to take this matter under advisement, and let us know his decision as soon as he may find it convenient.

Very respectfully,
CLARENCE OUSLEY,
JOHN R. HEDGES.

To which the Honorable Secretary replied as follows:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
January 8th, 1897.

TO THE COMMITTEE REPRESENTING THE COMMERCIAL ORGANIZATIONS OF GALVESTON:

Gentlemen:

I have given orders to have the "Texas" at Galveston on February 16th. I have looked into

the matter of the depth of water over the bar, and it is somewhat doubtful whether the "Texas" can get over. Her captain will be instructed to examine carefully and go in if he thinks he can do so safely. Otherwise she will anchor out, and you will be able to visit her by boat. I hope she may be able to get in, as I am sure you will all appreciate having her in the harbor, but I do not like to take the responsibility of deciding this matter for myself. The Captain, when he is on the spot, can best determine whether to take her over the bar.

Yours respectfully,
H. A. HERBERT,
Secretary.

We came out of dry dock early in January, and as I held my services on board the ship while she was at the Navy Yard, I had a great deal of outside help at the services. One dear brother I recollect to-day, J. M. Wood, a missionary who had once been an enlisted man; he, having become converted, labored in the Navy Yard in the interest of the men. He and his wife frequently came on board ship, she to sing, he to speak. She was a beautiful singer, and he such a speaker as any of the men could understand. It has often been a difficult problem for many to solve, why this noble man, doing the good that he

was in reaching the sailors, was snatched away so suddenly and returned to the God whose servant he was; and yet "God doeth all things well"; for through his death many of his old associates saw the beauty of a Christian life and a Christian death portrayed in him. Often have I attended in the past his meetings at Cob Dock, when the number of men present went to show how he was beloved by the men of the sea, and I believe this true though humble follower of Jesus Christ found many a star in his crown representing sailors when he entered the portals of bliss: for he, as the instrument used of God, has been the means of converting hundreds of them. May we ever cherish the memory of our faithful friend, J. M. Wood, and may all his old shipmates strive to meet him up there, where he is waiting for them.

CHAPTER III.

MY FIRST CRUISE.

AS soon as it was learned our ship was to proceed to Texas, the men were put to work getting her in as fine condition as she could possibly be put in. All the officers were required to inspect their uniforms and see that they were supplied with everything. The Chaplains at this time had no prescribed uniform outside of a regular clerical suit, which was a straight-cut, seven or nine button, single-breasted coat of blue or black material. The hat was an inch high in the crown, flat brim, made of felt similar to that used by the Quaker brothers, or very High Episcopalians. I had usually worn an ordinary Alpine hat, which I would turn down, making it as low as possible to comply with the Regulations. The Commanding Officer, however, informed me, a few days before sailing, that I would have to furnish myself with one as prescribed in the Navy Regulations, as we were going to Galveston under very auspicious circumstances, and undoubtedly there would be a great deal of function pertaining to our visit. I

tried to be excused from obeying the order, but he insisted; so, leaving the ship, I went over to Broadway to a clerical outfitter and found he had not my size in stock, but he promised to send me one by express, so that it would reach me by the time we arrived at Galveston.

On the ninth of February we left the Navy Yard for our Southern trip. From the day we started until the day of our arrival, six days later, we experienced gorgeous weather. The nights were grand, and to watch the wake of the ship with the phosphorus all glittering astern of us was a magnificent sight. In fact, that cruise to me was more like a trip on a gentleman's yacht than cruising on a warship. I found I could get much closer to our men while at sea than in port, as our services were far better attended. During the week I conducted classes and looked after the men's library, and would visit the men frequently, going to the engine room, fire-room and every part of the ship. Going down into the fire-room, however, was a great task, as the thermometer would average 117 degrees there, but I felt the men would come to me and my services if I went where they were. We had various games on the quarter deck during the day, and at night our volunteer band would play selections, then there was singing and everything to make life as happy as one could expect while on the

briny deep. On the fifteenth of February, we arrived off Galveston, reaching the bar about noon, and came to anchor, waiting for high tide. Long before we arrived, we met excursion boats on the Gulf, all out looking for us. They were decorated with flags of all nations, their bands were playing, and all boats were loaded down to the water line with a most enthusiastic crowd of spectators, who greeted us in a very hilarious manner.

We had remained at anchor about an hour outside of the bar, when the pilot who had previously boarded us, a man selected by the townspeople for his ability and long term of service, he being the oldest pilot of the Pilot Association of that port, informed the Captain that the tide was as high as it would get, and suggested that we up anchor and go in. Carrying out his suggestion, we proceeded in between the passes which extend out into the Gulf from the city about three and one-half miles. The "Texas" was the first ship of any great draft that had entered the port—she was then drawing twenty-four and one-half feet—and went over the bar without any trouble, coming to anchor about three-quarters of a mile from the city wharves. The committee appointed to welcome us came on board, and the Mayor, on behalf of the City, extended an address of welcome on our deck. The next day the Governor of the

State arrived and was saluted when he left the ship by seventeen guns. The following morning, at nine o'clock, the people began to swarm out to the ship. Every boat that could be secured was put in commission, and lighters were placed on either side of the ship to enable excursionists to board us more easily, and from the time the ship was thrown open until sunset she was a floating mass of humanity, and continued as such daily during our presence in those waters.

One thing I regretted exceedingly, as the express package came on board, was the arrival of my hat. It did not become me at all. I had to wear it, though. The day we were to receive the silver service, the officers and men were taken ashore in the ship's boats. We were met with a great deal of pomp and ceremony as we landed on the dock. The city was in her gala dress in honor of the occasion. Coaches were provided for the officers; the men in marching order. I had the honor of sitting in the coach with the Commanding Officer in the rear of the leading band in the procession, and as the line advanced the familiar airs were struck up and we commenced to march through the streets, lined as they were on either side with people, many of them being cowboys. As our coach proceeded, we caught the refrain of that old familiar song: "Where did you get that hat? Where did you get that hat?" Looking at

the Captain, I said: "Sir, is that your hat, or mine?" He said: "Evidently, it is yours."

The presentation was to be at the Beach Hotel, there being magnificent grounds around it, and the hotel itself looked like a tower; its balconies were crowded with people, and the grounds were black with them. All the officers took their places on the grand stand. The Governor of the State made the address, presenting the silver service, which had cost $5,000—the gift of the State to the ship. He spoke in glowing terms of the valor of our men, and incidentally said that he expected to hear from them should the ship ever get into action, as he believed there would be a good accounting from all on board. The Captain received the gift, and, in a few well-chosen words, thanked the people of the State on behalf of the Navy Department and the officers and crew of the "Texas." That night there was a grand reception in honor of the officers, all of us attending in full dress uniform, the citizens turning out to welcome us. It really seemed that the city had thrown its portals wide open to receive us: for if we hired a coach to go anywhere, at the end of the drive the driver refused pay and would inform us that the city was paying for that. Even on the street cars, the conductors would not collect our fares, and every home in the place was open to us. Receptions were given nightly, excursions were

gotten up for the crew, and they were taken to different resorts where they would have oyster-bakes, and such like. A great deal of credit is due the State for the attention paid to the enlisted men. Most States seem to lose sight of the fact that the men are very important individuals, making up the fighting complement, and are just as much entitled to recognition as any of the officers.

The first Sunday in port, it was intended to have a large representation of the city people on board at our services—they having promised to come out and render us what assistance they could in the singing. A storm came up, which prevented them from reaching the ship. The next Sunday, however, was grand. A large company from the different churches came out and rendered valuable assistance, some of the ladies singing solos; we were also favored with quartettes and chorus singing. Our men enjoyed it exceedingly, and all the visitors were delighted at having the opportunity of attending service on board a war-ship.

The night before leaving a large farewell reception was given the officers on shore. We were to have sailed the next morning at daylight, but a terrific storm came up and our steam launch was unable to leave the ship that night to come in to the dock for us, so we chartered a tug. The

Captain was doubtful of making the ship, but he was urged by the officers to make a bold attempt. We went out about a mile and a half, the ship having gone outside the bar, where she was anchored. All of a sudden the Captain of the tug said: "Gentlemen, we shall be swamped; we had better turn and put back to port." In making the turn, we really thought we would be capsized, but reached the dock all right. We waited on shore until six o'clock, when our Executive Officer went over to the light-house tender "Armeria" and got her Commanding Officer to take us out to the ship. The sea was very boisterous, so we steamed around our ship three or four times before lowering a boat. A boat shoved off from the "Texas," but was unable to make us. Then the life-boat was lowered from the tender, and, suspending ourselves over the side, clinging to a rope as the boat would come up on the crest of a wave, we would drop into it. At last we all got in, and then the great, stalwart fellows who manned her pulled with all their might for our gangway. After a very trying experience, and with great difficulty, they reached the ship. With great caution, one at a time sprang from the boat to the platform at the foot of the ladder. After leaving us, it seemed at times as though the boat could never live in such a sea, but they got back with her to the tender. Then the "Armeria" blew

her whistle three times, saluting us, which we acknowledged. After getting our anchor, we put to sea, headed for New Orleans, where we were ordered to participate in the Mardi Gras celebration. Going up the Mississippi River we passed through the midst of beautiful scenery, passing also the old forts where Farragut made the celebrated run, and where his words have come down in history: "Never mind the torpedoes; go ahead!" The hamlets on the banks of the river—some in very good condition, others most desolate looking—were all occupied by the same kind of people, true Americans, who shouted as loud as their lungs would permit as we steamed by. Arriving off Canal Street, we found the U. S. S. "Maine," in command of Captain Crowninshield, U. S. N., lying at anchor.

The morning after our arrival, King Rex came up the river, and we saluted him with twenty-one guns, after which he was received on shore by our men with military honors. The day procession was very grand, but the procession that night was the grandest sight I have ever witnessed. There were thirty-seven floats, representing the various States and the seasons of the year. We remained in New Orleans a week, and were received as cordially and as heartily as we had been in Galveston. I found the people just as anxious to attend divine service on board ship there as they had

been in other ports, and several of them availed themselves of the opportunity and assisted us greatly in the services.

From there we went to Port Royal, S. C., where we tested our great guns and found them in good condition, but very slow for modern warfare; as it took seven minutes to fire, reload and fire again.

Leaving there, we proceeded to Hampton Roads, where we remained two weeks, when we were ordered to Tompkinsville, N. Y., and were welcomed home by those so dear to us. I shall never forget this first cruise of mine on a war-ship, and shall ever look back to it with a great deal of pleasure.

CHAPTER IV.

A BAR HARBOR, MAINE, EXPERIENCE.

IN March, 1897, our Commanding Officer was detached, and Captain William C. Wise, U. S. N., was ordered to the command. We found him to be a very charming gentleman. He was a strict Churchman, and never failed to attend divine service on board ship while at sea, but in port always attended the Protestant Episcopal services. He was a strict disciplinarian, yet had the respect and love of every one on board. As a Commanding Officer he got a great deal of work out of both officers and men, more on account of the respect they had for him than on account of the authority vested in him by his rank. We made several runs from New York during his command and for the summer manœuvering went to Portsmouth, N. H., Portland and Bar Harbor, Me. Admiral Sicard was then the Commander-in-Chief on the North Atlantic Station. As the fleet dropped anchor off Bar Harbor, the flagship displayed the signal: "Give the men all the liberty they want; there is no rum in this State." Our men were delighted, and all who could obtain lib-

erty very soon left the ship. The Saturday after our arrival, the U. S. F. S. "New York" and U. S. S. "Massachusetts" base-ball nines played a match game, which the "Massachusetts" crew won. This was the first time the flagship's nine had been defeated, and naturally the men were elated over the victory, which caused them to act in such a manner as to make one believe the town belonged to them. About eight o'clock that evening the town officers sent off word to all ships that the men were acting disorderly on shore. A corporal's guard was sent from each ship, with orders to arrest all men overstaying liberty and order all others back, and I have never, during my experience in the Navy, seen so many drunken sailors as I saw there in that prohibition port.

Sunday on board ship we held divine service as usual at 10:30. It was a pretty sight to see all the ships with their Church pennants flying, and it was the first time I had seen six Chaplains together with the fleet.

In the evening, I was invited to open a meeting at the Congregational Church. Being informed it was a union service, I accepted the invitation, and when I entered the church, found a very large audience present, and on the rostrum sat seven or eight ladies, who were the speakers of the occasion. There were no gentlemen with them, as it was purely a woman's meeting. I was asked to

open the meeting with prayer, which I did, and prayed for everything except the one thing I should have, namely, temperance, not being informed beforehand of the character of the service. The president arose and made a magnificent speech on the subject under discussion. She was followed by a lady, the world's secretary of the W. C. T. U., who based her speech on the conduct of our men the previous day. She was very bitter in her denunciation of the sailors of the United States Navy, and the way she reflected upon them and complimented the policemen for doing their duty made me very indignant, which caused me to ask the chairman for permission to speak, after the present speaker was through. I was informed that the world's president had the programme in charge, and I would have to get her consent; so immediately sent word to her that I would like permission to speak at the close of this lady's remarks, and if I could not speak with her consent would speak anyway. The permission was gladly granted. So, arising, I said I thought it was very poor taste for a person to visit this country from a foreign land and speak disparagingly of our men in the Navy, and, if I held my peace at that time, should not consider myself fit to hold the commission I held as an officer. I knew my men better than she did, and I rather scoffed at the idea that she should say that the

whole of Europe was looking with envious eyes upon the State of Maine on account of the control they had in that State of the liquor traffic; but I excused her, because, before visiting the State with the fleet, I was almost as big an idiot as she was, as I actually believed rum could not be bought there. Then, continuing, stated that I had visited the hotels with friends to get our meals, and if any wanted liquor to drink they would sign a card for the waiter and he would take it out and return with a sealed package known as a package of mystery; and instead of complimenting the policemen as she had done, she should have urged every resident of that community to see that they were turned out of office, as our men were not to blame for getting intoxicated the day before—the fault lay with those very policemen she had praised, for they had failed to enforce the law that the people had made. I would not say a word against prohibition, but I have yet to see where the benefit of that law comes in. The law itself is all right, but the enforcing of it is all wrong; so my idea was that if they were very anxious to cross swords with the saloon and defeat it, there was a way they could accomplish their purpose much sooner than mixing up with politics, as politics and rum are too closely united. My opinion for putting a competent rival in the field to compete with the gin-mill was to erect a coffee house next door to

these dens and, in place of the liquor that made the saloon the curse it was, put in coffee, lemonade, milk, tea, and such like, and have these rooms in charge of men with a similar disposition to that the saloon keepers were blessed with; for if it was not natural, they usually managed to manufacture it for the occasion, as the saloon keeper was always a hail fellow, well met. The majority visiting the saloons did it simply for the sake of company and pastime, and if they could find the inducements the saloon held out to them in other places, they would very soon abandon the saloons and visit the better resorts. These remarks caused a great deal of stir in the meeting, for I was talking there against great odds, as nearly all of the eight hundred people present were in favor of prohibition; still, at times they freely applauded some of my remarks.

We left Bar Harbor with orders to visit the Southern Drill Grounds, and at that time Spain did her utmost to prevent the Squadron appearing off the coast of Cuba; the orders were issued, however, for the fleet to proceed to Dry Tortugas. That was even distasteful to Spain; no attention, though, was paid to what she did or said; for the orders were carried out. The "Texas" touched at the New York Navy Yard and remained there for two weeks.

Our Commanding Officer was relieved October,

1897, and Captain J. W. Philip, U. S. N., was assigned to the command. He was a tremendous help to me in my religious work, and the first Sunday we held services while at the Yard, Mrs. Philip came on board and sang for our men. She is blessed with as sweet a voice as I have ever listened to, and we all heartily appreciated and enjoyed her kindness in condescending to sing for us.

We were ordered from the Navy Yard to join the Flag off Key West, which we did. Arriving there the third Sunday morning in November, we anchored for a few hours, and the ships carrying Chaplains held service at the usual hour. Ours was held on the quarter deck under the awning, as it was a beautiful day, in fact, it was more like an August day would be North. We proceeded to Dry Tortugas and came to anchor; had various manœuvres, and at times would weigh anchor and cruise around the Gulf for practice.

After being there three days, the lookout announced that the battleship "Maine" was approaching. She came right near us and was ordered to anchor off our port quarter. The signal was then displayed on the "New York" directing the "Indiana" and the "Texas" to transfer the apprentice boys they had on board intended for the "Maine." The "Indiana" had thirty-nine boys; we had eighteen. The former ship transferred

THE LATE ADMIRAL PHILIP, U. S. NAVY.
Taken When He Commanded the "Texas."

them as ordered, but the signal went up directing us to defer transferring ours until morning, so the boys had to pick up their bags and hammocks and go below. They were very much disappointed, and exceedingly so that night, when they learned a torpedo boat had come down from Key West with orders for the "Maine" to put to sea, and at daylight the next morning she left, without our apprentices going aboard. We knew not where she had gone; all were of the opinion, though, that she had gone to Havana. That was the last we saw of the "Maine" as a ship of our Navy.

CHAPTER V.

BLOWING UP OF THE "MAINE."

THE "Maine" had been at Havana some weeks, and, while the fleet was still off Dry Tortugas, it appeared in the New York newspapers that she would proceed to New Orleans to participate in the Mardi Gras celebration and the "Texas" would go to Havana. Those orders, however, were revoked, and we were ordered for the second time to Galveston, where we were received with just as much ceremony as we had been on the previous visit and were taken care of just as cordially as we were the year before. We arrived off the bar on the morning of February 15th, 1898, and went inside, coming to anchor about half past three o'clock in the afternoon. Most of the officers went ashore to a reception that was to be tendered them. A storm came up while we were there, which prevented our getting back to the ship, so we put up at the Tremont House. Retiring about midnight, we were awakened at 1:20 A.M. by some one knocking on the door. Arising, we found four young men, who inquired whether

we were officers from the "Texas." We told them we were. Then they said: "Well, gentlemen, we have bad news for you. We are reporters, and have called to inform you that the 'Maine' blew up, in the harbor of Havana, at 9:15 last night." We looked at them, dumfounded. At last one of the officers said: "We appreciate your kindness in coming to inform us; but we are from New York, the birthplace of yellow journalism, and don't wish it to follow us down here. We cannot believe the 'Maine' has blown up." So, wishing them good night, we tried to get a little rest, but none came to us. We talked about the possibilities of the "Maine" having blown up. One of the officers said: "Well, if she has, there is treachery at the bottom of it."

Leaving the hotel at six in the morning, upon reaching the street we found the newsboys busy selling their papers. We bought one or two, and, glancing over the article on the "Maine," to our horror found it only too true. The "Maine" had blown up, for no newspaper could manufacture so accurate a description of the ship, giving the names of the missing, as these had. Buying several more papers, we returned to the ship, taking with us the first news of the destruction of the "Maine." Our Captain met us on the quarter deck and, as we handed him a newspaper, he looked at it. His face turned deathly pale. Then,

addressing us, he said: "If that is true, we will see war before we see New York." We talked much about the "Maine," and all were of the opinion that it was very suspicious that she should have blown up in the harbor of Havana. Knowing how we were detested by the Spaniards, everything pointed to a most fiendish crime. After I had taken my breakfast, I went up forward to the men, and found them busily engaged reading the papers we had sent to them. As soon as I reached the berth deck, a number of the crew gathered about me. A lad, being one of the apprentices who had been intended for the "Maine," said: "Chaplain, if it had not been for Providence, I might not have been here now, as I see every boy that left the 'Indiana' but two are missing, and maybe our crowd would have suffered a similar fate." It had a good effect on the apprentices detained on our ship, and I think made different boys of all.

Then one of the men spoke up and said: "Do you really think, sir, the 'Maine' has blown up?" I said: "I know as much about it as you do; all the information I have is what I have read in the paper, but I fear it is only too true." Then a little fellow came to me and said: "Chaplain, do you think if she has been blown up, the Dagoes (sailor term for Spaniards) did it?" I said: "I don't know that either, my boy." Then, clinching

his fist, he stamped his foot on the deck and said: "Well, I pity them if they did, should they ever run in with the 'Texas.'" I looked at him, and wondered what that little mite of a fellow would do, if perchance we should go to war.

We received orders from Washington to stand by ready for sea at six hours' notice, but no orders came. So we spent the week at Galveston, as it was first intended we should. It was a sad sight in the harbor the day after the destruction of the "Maine." Ships of every nationality had their colors at half-mast. Half-mast flags were flying over every store and house in the city; everything seemed to speak the word "death" wherever we went; and our hearts were filled with sorrow as we remembered the widows, the fatherless children, and the mothers who had lost their boys on that noble ship of ours.

When we returned to Dry Tortugas, we found that every preparation was made for war; every precaution taken, so that an enemy could not steal through the darkness of the night and take advantage of us. The channels were patrolled by the picket boats, and a regular signal system was inaugurated for the occasion. On Sunday, February 27th, I preached a memorial sermon to our men and officers, and was greeted by the largest turnout of men that any Chaplain had ever had the pleasure of addressing on board a sea-going

ship—every man of our crew being present excepting those who were compelled to be on duty. This service was held off Dry Tortugas. While in the city of Galveston, I got out memorials in the form of an invitation and sent one to every member of our crew, so that he could keep it and remember the warning that came so forcibly to all of us by the sudden ushering of our comrades into eternity. On the front of the Memorial were the words: "In Memoriam Officers and Men of the U. S. S. 'Maine.'" On the inside was inscribed:

BATTLESHIP "TEXAS," OFF GALVESTON,
February 21st, 1898.

By the consent of the Commanding Officer, the Chaplain of this ship will conduct Memorial Services on board at 10:30 Sunday morning, February twenty-seventh, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, in memory of the gallant men who lost their lives in the terrible catastrophe which befell the "Maine" on the evening of the fifteenth.

Out of respect to our noble dead, I invite you to participate by your presence in the sad services.

Yours in our Country's Sorrow,
HARRY W. JONES,
Chaplain U. S. Navy.

Around this invitation was a deep black margin. They were sent to the Commanding Officers

of all the ships present, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, he being Captain A. S. Crowninshield, U. S. N., who was the "Maine's" late Commander. He sent me this very kind note:

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY, BUREAU OF NAVIGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

February 28th, 1898.

CHAPLAIN HARRY W. JONES, U. S. N., U. S. S. "TEXAS," KEY WEST, FLA.

My Dear Jones:

I only send you a line to acknowledge the receipt of the notice signed by yourself, announcing the Memorial Services held on board the "Texas" in memory of the gallant men who lost their lives on board the "Maine." All of which is very much appreciated by myself and other officers of the Department.

With kindest regards, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

A. S. CROWNINSHIELD.

The "New York" and the "Iowa" had returned to Key West, so that the Admiral could be in easy communication with the Department. This left Captain Philip Senior Officer present. We remained as such for several days when the "New York" and the "Iowa" were seen approaching.

The "Iowa" was flying the Senior Officer's pennant, as Captain Sampson was the Senior Captain of all the Captains in those waters. Our Senior Officer's pennant was immediately run down, but we could not understand what had happened to the Admiral. We were of the opinion, however, that he was either sick, dead, or had gone to Washington to consult with the Navy Department; but found out later that he was seriously ill, and Captain Sampson had been ordered to relieve him.

About the middle of March, we had orders to proceed to Newport News for coal, which we did, and just as the lighters came alongside, we had orders to defer coaling until the next day. At nine o'clock that night, however, we received our orders to proceed to the New York Navy Yard for work on our turrets. As I mentioned before, our great guns worked very slowly for modern warfare, and Lieutenant Francis J. Haesler, U. S. N., who had charge of the starboard twelve-inch turret, and Lieutenant Mark L. Bristol, U. S. N., who had charge of the port turret, with a great deal of tenacity had devised a scheme which had been submitted to the Department for their consideration, for remodelling the system of operating our turrets. This plan was approved, and we were granted six days and nights for working on them. The old system, which con-

sisted of a hydraulic rammer outside the turret, only allowing the guns to be loaded in two positions, was taken out, and a telescopic rammer was placed inside of the turret, so that it followed the gun wherever it went, permitting it to be loaded in any position. After six days' faithful work, the system was completed. Then we had orders to paint the ship a dark gray color, and we knew that war was expected.

On the sixth day of April, we left the Navy Yard at 8:10 A.M. The Brooklyn Bridge was crowded with people, all along the docks to the Battery were packed with the most enthusiastic crowds, who shouted and cheered for us as we steamed by. The ships and the vessels in the harbor saluted us in a grand manner until we were out of hearing distance of the blowing of their whistles. We arrived at Cape Henry Light-house the next morning at 6:45 and proceeded to Hampton Roads, where we anchored at 9:50 and saluted the flagship "Brooklyn" with eleven guns, opposite Fort Monroe, and that morning became a part of the Flying Squadron, which consisted of the U. S. S. "Brooklyn," flagship; battleships "Massachusetts" and "Texas"; cruisers, "Columbia" and "Minneapolis."

CHAPTER VI.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS' LEAVE.

ON the ninth of April, a Spanish merchantman passed up the Roads and saluted the Squadron by dipping his flag. This being Sunday, we held divine service on board. Mrs. Philip, wife of the Commanding Officer, was present, and sang. All the married officers, excepting myself, had their families at one of the hotels at Fort Monroe. We were allowed to leave the ship every afternoon at four o'clock for one hour. Whenever we went, all the officers would try and tease me about not having my family with me; but jokingly I would reply: "Never mind, wait—maybe you would rather yours were not with you a little later on." An order had been given that, should a gun be fired, it would mean that the Squadron would proceed to sea within an hour, as we were standing by for one hour's notice.

Wednesday, the thirteenth, the gun was fired. The windows at the hotels went up, and the ladies were seen looking out at us, and in a little while they were all down upon the beach; some getting in the launches from the ships, others hiring

private boats to take them off to the vessel where their husbands were. As they approached us, the officers, as they walked up and down the decks, watched them. I said: "Well, gentlemen, don't you wish the madam was in New York, or somewhere else just now?" They said: "Never mind; they are not there." I said: "No, but mine is." It was so good to get even with them. We were going to sea under sealed orders, and when the time came for the ladies to leave the ship, it was a very sad parting indeed. They wept bitterly at the thought of perhaps never meeting the one they loved again, and when they were told to leave the ship, it seemed as though they could not give their loved ones up. Caressing each other, they bade one another an affectionate farewell, leaving each to the tender mercies and watchfulness of God.

As the Squadron got under way, we went very slow until the Cape was reached, but no one was aware of our destination. As we neared Cape Henry, we put on a little more speed and, instead of heading south, as we expected to, we headed north. Then we began to try and surmise what it meant. One officer said: "We are going up around the coast of New England, as they are pretty scared up there, and that is going to be our part should we have war with Spain." At seven o'clock that evening, the signal went up on the

flagship, "Come to anchor." Of course this was mysterious, but one of the officers offered a very good solution of the problem by saying that in all probability it was the intention of the Commodore to remain there until after dark, then he would put out to sea, and, after having gone out some distance, would head south, so that no one would find out where we had gone, and thus steal a march on the Press. We remained at anchor until 9:30 the next morning, when the flagship ordered us to heave up our anchor and follow the flag. The sea was very rough, and our gun decks were flooded frequently. General quarters was sounded and we had battery drill and manœuvering in different forms until eleven that morning, when we again came to anchor. At two o'clock we got under way again for similar drills, coming to anchor at 5 P.M. We were tired from our day's exercises, and turned in early, but at nine o'clock, sharp, the alarm was sounded for general quarters. It was only a drill.

The next day was overcast. We had general quarters and sub-calibre practice at 9:30 A.M., got under way before dinner, and headed for Hampton Roads, and at 5:30 P.M. we anchored off Old Point Comfort, when over came the ladies again, delighted at the fact that we had been to war and whipped the Spaniards so easily and all had returned safe and sound. When the officers

were received back by their wives and children, their welcome was the grandest I had ever witnessed. We remained at Fort Monroe, having various drills daily. On the nineteenth things began to look as though war was coming, so I asked permission of our Commanding Officer to apply for forty-eight hours' leave. He consented. So, going to the flagship, I saw the Commodore and made known my wishes to him. He received me very kindly, but said: "Chaplain, I am exceedingly sorry that it is impossible for me to grant your request, as my orders are to stand by for one hour's notice, and the fleet is apt to be ordered out any moment; but you may telegraph the Secretary of the Navy saying you have my permission, and if he grants it, then all right." This I did, and at 6:30 P.M. my request was granted by telegram. Running down to the pier, I boarded our steam launch and made for the ship. The Cape Charles boat was then in sight, so rushing up our gangway, I informed the Officer of the Deck that my leave was granted, then, going to the cabin, told the Captain. Getting my Japanese boy to hurry with my dress case we hastened on deck, as I had just ten minutes then to catch the boat.

I told the coxswain as I boarded the launch to make the best time possible over to the pier where the Cape Charles passengers landed. They

crowded on all steam, but very soon the coxswain shouted to me: "The Cape Charles boat is headed out, sir." I said: "Never mind; make for her." He then said: "She is going twice as fast as I can, sir." Then I told him to give her the toot. So he blew our whistle four times. No notice was taken of it. He then blew again, and the Cape Charles boat answered and stopped her engines to allow us to go alongside. They naturally thought that the Commodore or some other big man was coming, so when I got on board I found an anxious lot of people watching to see who was coming. Thanking the Captain, I said no more, and was glad to be in New York the next morning at seven o'clock, and was delighted to reach Bensonhurst, my home, at 8:45.

My wife and babies were happy to see me, but the first thing Mrs. Jones asked was: "When are you going away?" I said: "Never mind that; don't talk about it." She was more in the habit of having me absent than she was of having me with her, and I hadn't the heart to tell her that fourteen hours of my leave was already spent and fourteen hours more would be required for me to return to Hampton Roads, allowing me to remain with them only twenty hours. Brief as my visit was, it was the happiest I had ever spent with my loved ones, as I knew how to appreciate it. The next day, at 6 A.M., I had to leave the house. My

little boy was two years old that day. Going into his room, where he lay fast asleep, I fondled him, and, leaving him, went into the little girl's room, and, as I watched those two little babes that morning, I realized the solemnity of being a parent. I was almost positive war was coming, and I wondered whether I should ever see those little tots again, so, kissing them an affectionate farewell, had to say good-by to the wife. It was an exceedingly hard parting, but part we must, and I thought the quicker it was done the better, so hurried from the house and did not look to the right or left, but kept my eyes straight ahead until I reached the cars. It was my custom when leaving home to turn around and wave my hand in adieu, but that day I could not do it. I arrived at Fort Monroe at 8:10 that night, and when reaching the ship was informed that Congress had taken action, and had sent the bill to the Senate declaring war.

The next morning I received a letter from home, and in it Mrs. Jones informed me as soon as my little boy Harry had gotten up he asked for his papa. His mamma had to tell him papa had gone away. He seemed to doubt it, as he remembered I was home the night before. He wept bitterly, then, of his own accord, toddled over to his little chair, and, kneeling down, put his little baby face in his little baby hands and said: "Dear,

MY LITTLE SON, CHARLES HARRY, WHEN THREE YEARS OLD.

dear papa, come back." Getting up from off his knees, he went over to the door, held up his little finger, and said: "Back, papa, papa." Child-like faith; but how it comforted me. Ammunition was gotten up and placed alongside of the guns; the men in charge of them slept at their post until daylight.

The twenty-fourth was a very stormy day, and we learned of the declaration of war with Spain, as the bill had then passed the House and the Senate, and been signed by the President. Government tugs were busy all day laying mines in the Roads. We sent out, with the other ships, at dark, our steam launches armed with one-pounders, to do picket duty down the Bay.

The next morning the "Montgomery" and "Vicksburg" passed out to sea, bound south. Our men cheered them as they went, and they cheered us in return.

The thirtieth was a beautiful day, and the collier "Merrimac" passed out on her way to sea. We did not know her destination, and little dreamed how famous she would be in a little over two months from then.

May 1st was a beautiful day. Held divine service on the spar deck, all the wives of the officers attending; the men turned out in goodly number. Mrs. Philip again sang. That afternoon the "Scorpion" joined the Squadron, and anchored

off our port bow. Our men and all on board were greatly elated during the latter part of this week over the news of Dewey's victory, and we all were very anxious to try our hand on the other fleet. The hospital ship "Solace" passed out to sea and the "Suwanee" joined the Squadron on the seventh.

On Sunday morning, May 8th, we had divine service, and several visitors were present. Mrs. Philip sang for us. Her sweet voice, with its clear tone, began:

"My Jesus, as Thou wilt; oh, may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love I would my all resign;
Thro' sorrow——"

Here she broke down and, weeping bitterly, left the services, as it was so hard to even sing "Thy will be mine." It had a tremendous effect on all present. After the service, the Captain said: "What did you give her that piece for?" I said: "Well, sir, she selected it herself." "Well, it is all right, anyhow." He said it in a gruff manner, but nevertheless, he was thinking much. That evening the "Vesuvius" came in and anchored. From that time on we had sub-calibre practice until Thursday.

On the ninth two transports went out with

troops on board headed for Tampa, and the way they were cheered by our men was simply wonderful, and they cheered us just as heartily in return.

On the twelfth we heaved up our anchor and put out to sea for target practice, testing our twelve-inch guns, and fired five shots from the port one in the morning and five from the starboard one in the afternoon—the ten shots taking nineteen minutes to fire. The old system would have taken that long to fire twice. Any shot would have hit a vessel, so accurately were they pointed at the target. We got back to Hampton Roads at seven o'clock that evening, and came to anchor. Spent a pleasant evening. The families of the officers came over to the ship and remained quite late. My thoughts all the time, though, were carrying me off to Bensonhurst, and I wondered what my loved ones were doing there.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLYING SQUADRON GOES TO SEA UNDER SEALED ORDERS.

QUITE early the next morning, May 13th, the flagship made signal to be ready for sea at daylight. We immediately made preparations for getting under way. The order, however, was revoked, and we were ordered to coal ship until noon, at which time the signal was made directing us to be ready to sail at three o'clock in the afternoon. The wives of the officers came on board at one o'clock and remained until just before our departure. They did not seem to be nearly as cast down as they were when we first put to sea, on April 13th, and, when leaving the ship, they were buoyed up with the hope that possibly a similar experience would be ours again, and that we would simply go outside for practice, and soon return. There were some tears shed; but, on the whole, it was a good thing that we had gone out under similar circumstances before. Soon after they had left the ship, the Squadron got under way, with the exception of the "Minneapolis" and "New Orleans," the latter having quite recently

joined the fleet. As we passed the Capes, we steered south by east quarter east, which told us plainly that we were bound this time for Cuba.

All day Saturday, we made about thirteen and one-half knots. It was a beautiful day. Sunday morning was as fine a day as I had ever experienced. We held divine services on the quarter deck. I took for my subject "Patriotism," mentioning to the men that we were at last bound, in all probability, for war; urging them to be loyal to their flag and their country. At five o'clock that afternoon we were off Charleston, S. C., and, as we neared the bar, found a light-house tender waiting for us, with despatches for the Commander-in-Chief. They also had mail on board for us and we, in turn, sent mail ashore by them. We got under way as soon as the orders were read, when the "Brooklyn" signalled: "We are bound for Key West with all possible speed." The "Texas" started to make thirteen knots, but we were ordered to reduce our speed to eleven knots. Monday passed uneventfully. Tuesday was exceedingly hot; the awnings were spread and the crew ordered to put on their white uniforms.

On Wednesday morning, May 18th, we anchored off Key West and, after partaking of breakfast, began coaling ship. The "Scorpion" came alongside and coaled from the same lighter. The

"New York" and "Iowa" came in from Porto Rico, where they had been bombarded, and anchored near us. They were both stained with the smoke from the powder, and it was plainly visible they had been in a regular engagement. The "Brooklyn" saluted Admiral Sampson's flag with thirteen guns. The "New York" returned the salute with eleven guns. We were through coaling at eight o'clock that evening, when our men immediately began to clean the ship. At 7:30 the next morning, the "Brooklyn" made signal to get up anchor, as the Flying Squadron would proceed to sea. We were again going out, not knowing where we were bound. So Captain Philip had our signal boy wigwag his compliments to Admiral Sampson on the "New York" and state we were all interested in this matter, but would like to know where we were bound, as we were ignorant as to that; and if the Admiral knew our destination, we would appreciate it if he would inform us. The Admiral directed the signal boy of the flagship to wigwag this message: "You are bound for Cienfuegos, Cuba, to bag the Dons; and may good luck go with you!" This, of course, was read by every ship in the fleet. Our men were delighted: they chased one another around the decks, jumping high-backs and speculating with each other as to who would get the first shot at the Spaniards when we met them. Soon after we

left Key West, we passed the "St. Paul," "Montgomery," "Indiana," and "Nashville." The "Scorpion" toward evening fell back alongside of us, directing us to steam with all precaution, keeping a good lookout for the enemy during the night. Should we engage him and be overpowered, causing us to separate, we would rendezvous the next morning, in such and such latitude. The night, however, passed by without our encountering anything to disturb its quiet.

The morning of the twentieth, while our men were at breakfast, the bugle sounded to clear ship for action. The flagship made signal, "Strange vessels on the horizon." Our magazines were opened, ammunition was speedily gotten up, and the men began clearing the ship with a vengeance, throwing tables, benches, and ditty boxes overboard, but they were told to quit that, and it was fortunate they were: as I believe they would have thrown the whole "Texas" overboard that morning to have made room around the guns. To the discomfort of the officers, the first thing that went into the briny deep was our refrigerator and all our fresh provisions, excepting what little could be saved. This was an absolute necessity, as it stood right between two of our six-inch guns and the splinters would have been very dangerous in action. We crowded on all steam, our guns were loaded, and the men strained their

eyes to sight them on the approaching foe, but waited for the signal to commence firing. One after another of the gun's crew would state: "Well, I will plunk that fellow first." Another would say: "No, you wont; I will." Those of us not engaged with the guns went on deck.

The little fellow who had spoken to me while at Galveston, saying: "I pity the Dagoes if they should ever run in with the 'Texas,'" came up to me and said: "Chaplain, we have those fellows for fair." I said: "How is that, Willie?" He replied: "Can't you see, sir, it is two to four? We have four ships, and the other fellow has only two." And sure enough he was right, as there were only two volumes of smoke then in sight above the horizon. We could tell by the density of it, however, that the ships approaching were warships. On they rushed, and on we rushed. Our lookout shouted down from the top: "They are cleared for action, sir! Their battle flags are flying," and that day we found out, if never before, the calibre of the men of the United States Navy, as the two ships supposed to be the enemy's proved to be the "Cincinnati" and the "Vesuvius," our own ships. Two to four, or really one to four, as the "Vesuvius" was never intended to fight a fleet at sea; she was made to fire earthquakes into Santiago de Cuba after the sun had gone down.

When the "Cincinnati" came near enough to be spoken, our Captain shouted out to Captain Chester: "Have you seen anything of the enemy?" "Enemy!" he replied; "I thought you were the fellow." In fact they all thought on those ships we were the enemy, but they rushed on to meet us with Old Glory at the fore, and sooner than have lowered it those ships would have gone down with all their gallant men on board, rather than have brought discredit to the flag by turning to run away. A large ship was seen approaching under sail. The "Cincinnati" and the "Vesuvius" both started to intercept her. We continued on our course, and during the afternoon made out Cape San Antonio light-house on our port bow, and about 5:30 that evening a light from a steamer was seen about four miles distant toward the shore. The "Brooklyn" flashed her search-light on the vessel, which made some signal that proved satisfactory to the flagship, as she was allowed to go on her course unmolested.

Things went on quietly until seven o'clock Sunday morning, when we arrived off the entrance to Cienfuegos harbor. We loaded our guns and closed in, quite close to shore, steaming past a couple of small forts at the mouth of the harbor. We had orders to fire should the enemy fire at us. No shots were fired, however, as we steamed past, but, as we commenced steaming out to sea again,

a troop of Spanish cavalrymen were seen in the mountains. They began to fire at us with their Mauser rifles. We turned our guns as if we were going to fire at them, and the way those horses got out of there, with their brave riders, beat any horse race you ever saw. At 7:30 the smoke of a steamer was sighted to the southward and shortly after the flagship made signal to clear ship for action. We again made ready for an engagement; had no fight, though, as the smoke came from our own torpedo boat, "Dupont." She brought word to us that the "Iowa" would join us during the day, and that afternoon we were reinforced with that magnificent battleship. We were told by her Captain that the "Castine," "Marblehead," and a collier would join the Squadron very shortly. The "Scorpion" and "Dupont" went close in shore that night to watch and block any attempt that any Spanish craft might make to get out. Three gun vessels and some torpedo boats were reported inside of the harbor. The sunset that evening was particularly beautiful. In fact it was the grandest that I had ever beheld.

The converted yacht "Hawk" came in the next morning, and, upon hailing her for news, we learned that the Spanish fleet had arrived at Santiago on the twentieth and was supposed to be still there. Shortly after she arrived, the "Cas-

tine" put in an appearance, convoying the collier "Merrimac." About noon, the former put out after a steamer that was sighted to the eastward and brought her in. A boat from the flagship was sent over to the stranger, and she was soon afterwards allowed to enter the harbor; she was the "Adula," a supposed English ship belonging to the Atlas Line. After she had entered the harbor, the "Brooklyn" signalled that the Spanish fleet had left Santiago on Friday morning and was believed to be at Cienfuegos. If such was the case, we had them in a trap, from which there was no escape, as the harbor entrance was too narrow for more than one vessel to pass at a time. During the night, the "Scorpion" left us. The signal lights of the Cubans and the Spaniards were visible all through the night. The next morning, May 24th, the "Marblehead" and the "Eagle" joined the Squadron. The former was directed to communicate with the insurgents, who informed Captain McCalla, the Commanding Officer, that the Spanish fleet was still at Santiago. Several small boats of the Squadron were engaged during the day, trying to find the remaining cable, but without success.

At five o'clock that evening we left for Santiago de Cuba. That night and the day and night following, we encountered our first real disagreeable weather. About 9:30 P.M., on the twenty-

fifth, the "Marblehead," which was about two miles ahead of the Squadron, sent up two red lights, a signal meaning that a strange vessel was sighted. We went to general quarters at once, but nothing more than a schooner proved to be anywhere near us. On the twenty-sixth, at 9:30 A.M., we had general quarters simply for drill, and in the afternoon, when nearly down to Santiago, we sighted three columns of smoke on the horizon, and again went to general quarters. The ships that we had cleared for proved to be the "Minneapolis," "St. Paul," and the "Yale." Our men said: "What do you think of it, Chaplain?" I replied: "It is exceedingly good practice." They said: "Yes, practice that is all right for a parson; but we want to fight." So I reminded them of Fort Monroe, and told them to have patience.

The "Yale" was commanded by our late Commanding Officer, Captain William G. Wise, U. S. N., who shouted over to Captain Philip that the Spanish fleet was inside of the harbor at Santiago, but he did not know whether we could go in after them or not. After awhile, the flagship signalled, to our amazement, that we would return to Key West. We went ahead until midnight, and then stopped. The next day we spent steaming around the coast, and at nine o'clock in the evening the collier "Merrimac" came alongside of us

and we coaled until noon on the twenty-eighth, which was the hottest day we had experienced. The pitch ran out of the seams of the deck like water. The "Minneapolis," "Yale," and "St. Paul" all left us that day, each going in different directions. At 5:30 P.M. we started on what the men called dress-parade, which was steaming back and forth before the forts of Santiago, about eight miles distant. This we continued every night until daylight. The cruiser "Marblehead" went close in shore, but the Spaniards did not fire a shot. The next morning, five warships were seen from the bridge of our ship, lying in the harbor, and we rightly supposed that at last we had found the Cape de Verde Fleet.

Held divine service that morning, and at 10 P.M. a ship near the shore fired two red rockets, followed by a green one. Our men were sleeping at their guns, and in a trice they were awake, on their feet, and opened fire with the second battery upon what they then supposed to be a torpedo boat. Whatever it was, it was speedily demolished by the torrents of deadly missiles our men poured into it. The next morning the "Christobal Colon" was plainly visible all day, as she lay right across the mouth of the harbor. The morning of the thirtieth, we were ordered to coal ship. The "New Orleans" and "Sterling" joined the fleet, and early Tuesday morning we began

coaling ship again. At 2:20 P.M. the "Massachusetts" ran up Commodore Schley's flag, as he had transferred it from the "Brooklyn," and, together with the "New Orleans" and the "Iowa," steamed in to about six miles from the forts, and opened fire as they passed twice. The "Colon" was still lying across the mouth of the harbor. We immediately stopped coaling as the first shot was fired, and cast loose from the collier. The fleet ceased firing just then, and withdrew. As the "Iowa" came near enough so that we could speak to her, Captain Philip shouted out to Captain Evans: "I have been trying to get the Chaplain to swear for me." Captain Evans shouted back: "Shoot the Chaplain! I have been doing it myself all the afternoon. I have strained one of my twelve-inch guns trying to hit the 'Colon.' I think I did hit her once. We should have sunk her though, but we kept too far out." It was very amusing to see the tug "E. E. Simpson," of Pensacola, Fla., chartered by the *New York Journal,* with a large flag bearing the words "New York Journal" in large letters flying at the fore, steam in past the Squadron, full speed ahead, rushing toward the forts. She went away inside of the firing line, but when the enemy fired on her, the balls falling quite near her, she came steaming out like a scared dog. That night it began to rain in torrents, lasting two or three hours, during

which time we could scarcely see the length of our ship.

Early in the morning, four lines of smoke were sighted. An hour later, the "New York," flagship, battleship "Oregon," and converted yacht "Mayflower," together with the torpedo boat "Porter," joined us. We greeted them with loud, rousing cheers, especially the "Oregon," as we were aware of the magnificent run she had made from San Francisco. As soon as the "New York" came near enough to us, she directed all Commanding Officers to report on board for a council of war. Commodore Schley and all the Commanding Officers present immediately left the ships to board the flagship.

ADMIRAL CERVERA.
Commander-in-Chief of the Destroyed Fleet.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GOING IN OF THE "MERRIMAC."

AT noon the same day, our Commanding Officer returned from the "New York." Coming on board, he told the Officer of the Deck to have all hands called. Lieutenant H. Phelps, U. S. N., the officer addressed, immediately called out: "Boatswain's Mate McCarty!" McCarty shouted back: "Aye, aye, sir!" He was told to pipe all hands on deck. Going to the different hatchways, he piped his whistle and shouted down: "All hands on deck!" In a few minutes we were all standing on the quarter deck. The Commanding Officer, going to the centre, and looking at the officers, said: "Gentlemen, you will not be included in the request I am about to make; I wish to address the men." We had no idea what was coming. The Captain's face, however, denoted that some important business was about to transpire. He continued: "We have had a council of war on the flagship and Admiral Sampson intends to send into the channel leading into the harbor the collier 'Merrimac,' with the intention of sinking her, in the hope of locking the enemy in." Then, looking at his crew, number-

ing about three hundred men, he continued thus: "The 'Merrimac' will be ready for the attempt to-night, but will not go in before morning, or an hour or so before daylight. The Admiral is anxious to give each ship an opportunity of sharing the glory, or the misfortune; before I say any more, permit me to state that every man putting his foot on the deck of the 'Merrimac' to-night will take his life right in his hand." Here he paused, then calmly said: "Who will represent the 'Texas'?"

Had he touched an electric button, every hand could not have gone up sooner, nor could every throat have yelled out the response quicker: "I will go, sir; please let me do it, sir!" The Captain, looking over the men, selected a great, big strapping fellow by the name of O'Boyle. He was an Irishman; that is, he was once, but was an American then; a good, honest, straightforward man, as good a man, in fact, as we had on board the ship. He was in charge of the dynamos, and was thoroughly reliable. Later on in the day, I went below to his station; he was all smiles. Looking him straight in the eye, I felt very nervous, but ventured to say to him: "Well, O'Boyle, I trust God will be with you to-night." His face brightened up, as he replied: "I believe He will, sir; I do not wish to appear conceited, but you know, Chaplain, I am handy at nearly

anything; I can run the engine or do anything else that will be required of me on board the 'Merrimac,' so I am glad I am chosen; then, again, if I am killed there will be no one to mourn me, as I am all alone; so I can go on board, and am not worrying as to how others will feel about me. I shall do my best, however, to live. I am a fine swimmer. If we can only sink her, I know I can get off all right."

The "Vixen" came alongside about four o'clock in the afternoon, and called through her megaphone, "We have come for your volunteer." We all wanted to say something to O'Boyle before he left, but we did not have the courage to. He was clad in his blue uniform as he went smiling over the side of the ship, just as happy looking as he would be were he going to a regatta. As he left us, we thought: "That is the last we shall see of you, poor fellow." When I relieved Lieutenant Radford, of the Marine Corps, on the morning of the second, to stand my watch until daylight, as he and I stood watch and watch during the blockade—"Should the 'Merrimac' come in, Chaplain," he said, "please send below and call me." I told him I would, but no "Merrimac" appeared that morning.

About 10 A.M. the "Vixen" came alongside, lowered a boat, and O'Boyle was rowed over to the ship. As he came on board, I saw he was

very chagrined. Going to him, I inquired: "Why, what has happened?" He said: "Chaplain, I am going to be stamped as a coward." I asked him why? "Well, sir," he replied, "I went over to that ship last night ready to die for my country if I had to. They could not get her ready; another crew will man her to-night, as they say we cannot stand the strain two nights in succession." I looked at him and took his hand, trying to cheer him, answering: "No, my dear fellow, you are no coward; you were prepared to do your duty, and you have done it in obeying your orders to return to your ship." Very little has been said of O'Boyle or any other man that went on board the "Merrimac" to take her in on the morning of June 2d, but every one of them was just as great a hero as Hobson or any of the men that took her in the morning of the third. They would gladly have gone, but a sailor or a soldier can do no more than obey his orders.

Soon after O'Boyle returned to the ship, the "Merrimac" steamed inside of the blockade line with her cargo ports open right near her water line. She remained there until after dark that night, when she steamed outside. At 1 A.M. the morning of the third, Lieutenant Radford relieved me. As I went below, he promised to have me called if the "Merrimac" came in. I turned in, and was soon sound asleep. At 3:45 an or-

derly came below, and calling me stated, "The 'Merrimac' is headed in, sir." I was soon dressed, and up on deck. There she was, stealing along right close to the shore, hidden in the shadow of the mountains the friendly moon had cast over the waters; for, by the way, it was bright moonlight. She had to pass an opening in the side of the hill where the enemy had a battery, and where we expected to see her sacrificed; the whisper went along the deck: "She has passed it; they never saw her." Nor had they. At last she is headed in. Again the whisper went around, "They don't see her yet!" Right under the guns of Morro Castle she got before they picked her up, then it appeared as though their alarm had made them see sixty-seven warships coming in, judging from the way they opened on her—from the north, the east and the west a continuous stream of fire; it was terrific. They kept it up from 4:10 until 4:28, and the way they poured their shot and shell into her! I have often wondered what they thought when they saw that great black hull, looking like a phantom of the deep, steaming slowly in; no sign of life on board; not a gun fired from her, as she had none, they having been taken off before she went in.

The firing ceased, and a deathlike stillness reigned. The general belief on board our ship was that no man could live in such a fierce fire

as was poured upon them. As the sun came up over the hill-top, a steam launch from the "New York" was seen steaming about the entrance, bullets and shells falling all around her; she had followed the "Merrimac" in, with the view of rescuing the crew when they should leave her. At last she withdrew, coming alongside our ship, and announced the belief that all had perished, as they had seen nothing of the men from the "Merrimac" after she went down. We gave her crew three rousing cheers; cheers that were caught up and reiterated by the crew of every ship of the fleet. As we looked in the harbor, we could see the smoke stack and mast of the "Merrimac" above the water, and discovered, to our sorrow, that the work had been in vain: for she was not in the channel.

Our ships were ordered to close in, as close as they could to the shore, in the hope of seeing the men, but not a glimpse of any did they see. A little after 9 A.M., Lieutenant Bristol, U. S. N., was making good use of his binoculars as he looked toward the Castle. I was standing near him. Addressing me, he said: "Chaplain, there are a number of soldiers going into the Castle; I believe they have some of our men"; but it seemed to me too good to be true.

At 2 P.M. Ensign Gise was on the bridge, he being on watch. Calling a messenger, he said:

"Tell the Captain a tug is coming out of the harbor, flying a flag of truce." The "Vixen" was ordered in to meet her, and we were surprised to see her headed in toward the forts without displaying a flag of truce. The reason for her not doing so, however, was owing to the fact that she had none, for the only flag our ships have ever flown was the Stars and Stripes. The Officer of the Deck on the "Vixen" shouted down to the ward-room steward to take the table cloth from the table and bring it up on deck, and as they ran it up on the masthead, it was the largest flag of truce we ever saw. A Spanish officer boarded the "Vixen," from the tug, and was taken over to the flagship "New York." A few minutes later we found out there was at least one man, gentleman, and officer in Santiago de Cuba, he being Admiral Cervera, who was humane enough to recognize an act of heroism, even when exhibited by his enemy. The Admiral sent this message to Admiral Sampson: "The Spanish Admiral congratulates the American Admiral on having such men under his command as those that took the 'Merrimac' in this morning; he is glad to state they are all safe; two wounded, but will recover; all are badly in need of clothes." The clothing was sent to them from the ships by the tug. This act of Admiral Cervera endeared him to all the fleet, and from that moment he had our undivided love and pity; for by

sending out this message he prevented many a heartache that would have been felt by the loved ones of the crew of the "Merrimac," fearing they were dead.

The going in of the "Merrimac" goes to show the kind of material the men of the United States Navy are made out of, and I trust, as you read this description of that heroic act, it will help each one of you to appreciate the work these men stand ready to perform for their country amid every kind of danger.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER FIRE.

AT 2:30 the day after the "Merrimac" had been sunk in the harbor, the fleet was ordered to steam past the forts with the intention of trying to draw the enemy's fire, as the Admiral had been ordered by the Department not to engage the forts unless they opened fire first. As we were steaming in, Boatswain Brooks and Cadet Pressey were standing on deck, quite near the muzzle of our twelve-inch gun, which was loaded. The men in the turret locked the breech, which caused an electric cross-current, permitting a premature explosion. The boatswain and the cadet turned three or four summersaults, and when they stopped their fantastical movements along the deck, we found they were nearly bald-headed, as well as their clothes being literally torn from their bodies; blood was rushing out of their ears, and they were very badly shaken up from the concussion.

The enemy did not fire at us, so we steamed past twice and then withdrew. That night Admiral Sampson organized the blockading fleet into a half circle. We had been in such formation

before since his arrival, but that night it was strengthened by putting the "Oregon" and "Massachusetts" inside of our lines. The "Oregon's" battery was loaded, and the "Massachusetts" played her search-light in the harbor. We remained there from dark until sunrise, to prevent the enemy from even trying to come out. Inside of those two battleships were the torpedo boats and the smaller craft of the fleet. When this was done, Cervera could no more escape from the harbor of Santiago at night than a man could jump to the moon. It was by far a stronger system of bottling up a fleet than the old arrangement carried on by the Flying Squadron, in steaming up and down past the forts. We remained in this position during the day, 3,700 yards from the forts. At night, we would close in to 2,700 yards, and the two inside ships would be 1,000 yards from the enemy's guns. This was a strong cork that Admiral Sampson put into the neck of the bottle of the harbor leading into Santiago de Cuba.

The next morning all Commanding Officers were ordered to report on board the flagship. Our Captain returned to our ship late that evening, and had all hands called on deck. He informed us that at daylight the fleet would bombard the forts, and if the men had anything they wished to attend to, they had better see to it.

Long and anxious had been this waiting for the opportunity on the part of the men to avenge the "Maine"; and as soon as they heard that they were really going into battle within a few hours they were in the very finest kind of spirits. In fact they were in their element. They ran around the decks, jumped high-backs, and carried on in the most ridiculous manner, so delighted were they at the prospect of trying their skill in knocking the enemy's forts to pieces. About nine o'clock, they began to realize that there might be danger in exposing themselves to the enemy's fire. I was in my room with my curtain drawn to prevent the light being seen from the outside. Hearing some one at the door, I called out, "Come in," and in walked little Willie. I said: "Good-evening, my boy, how are you?" He replied: "I am well, thank you, sir; hope you are." I said I was.

Then he said: "Please, Chaplain, will you take charge of this letter for me?" I replied: "Certainly;" and looking at it saw that it was addressed to Mrs. George Rigby. I asked him if he had written to his mother? He said: "Yes, sir, and I want you to send that letter to her." I consented, but said: "There is no mail leaving here until Friday, if all goes well in the morning, though, I will send it then." This greatly startled him, and he exclaimed: "Oh, please don't

send that to my mother unless I am killed to-morrow, sir." I said: "Why not, Willie?" "Well, sir, because I told my mother in that letter just how I had died." I looked at him, and asked whether he had been hit by a shell, or what? He said: "No, sir; but before I left home I promised mother I would continue to love Jesus, and I have, sir; and have written to her, telling her, if I am killed to-morrow, not to mourn for me, as I would go to Jesus, and wanted her to hurry and come to me." I said: "That is proper, Willie; but I don't believe I will have to send the letter to her." He said: "Good-night, Chaplain," and went below.

A little later on, a finely built fellow came to my room with a large bundle; knocking at my door, he said: "Good-evening, Chaplain; I hope you are well, sir, and not too badly scared, sir." "I am well; but I cannot say I am scared," I replied. He spoke up and said: "Well, I can't say that I feel scared either; but I thought I had better bring this to you, and ask you to keep it," and handed me the bundle. I said: "What is it?" He replied: "A keepsake, sir." I said, jokingly: "For me?" He said: "No, sir; my—my——" and stammered and blushed. Finally he hurried it out: "My young lady gave it to me, sir, and if I am killed to-morrow, I would like her to get it back, and would appreciate it if you would

send it to her." I told him I would, but, laughing, said: "I think you are very foolish to send it back." He said: "Why is that, sir?" "Why, because if you are killed, and I send it to her, some other fellow will get it." "Oh, no, he wont, sir. You don't know my sweetheart, or you would not say that." Then, wishing him good-night, I told him I guessed he would live to see her again.

After he had gone an officer came to me and said: "Chaplain, we are going into action to-morrow, and I have a kind of misgiving that I may be killed, and I want you to promise, if I am, to exert your influence to have my body shipped home. Were I to be buried overboard, in these waters, packed as they are with sharks, my wife would go out of her mind. Should you succeed in having my remains shipped home, tell my wife she need not have me buried at Arlington, but can bury me anywhere she wishes. Ask her to bury me somewhere where she can rest by my side." I said: "Are you really in earnest?" He replied: "Certainly, I am." "Well, then," I asked, "what are you fellows going to do for me, if I get killed, as I do not believe there is any more metal around me than there is around you; but, to be frank with you, I do not believe any of us will be killed to-morrow, as God is with us. When the Asiatic fleet steamed into Manila Bay, it was only Dewey and his men; to-

morrow we steam in with our Commander-in-Chief, and our men, and back of us the prayers of every praying man, woman and child of our country, and God will answer their petitions, and stamp His seal of approval upon them by giving us a glorious victory. I feel it, and believe it." We then parted for the night.

All hands were called at daylight the morning of the sixth, ships were cleared for action, magazines were opened, and the guns loaded. We formed the line of battle at 8 A.M., at which time the "Oregon" opened fire upon the forts; a few seconds later we followed the example; and a deadly fire was kept up until twenty-one minutes after ten, when our last shot was fired. The forts to all appearance had been demolished in the two hours and twenty-one minutes we were firing on them. The enemy returned our fire vigorously, but their aiming was simply ridiculous. When we headed in, bow on, fighting with our port battery, a number of us not engaged with the fighting force went on deck and stood on the forecastle. There were sixty-five or seventy-five men standing there in a group. One fellow by the name of Dixon, our ship's blacksmith, a most comical genius, was sitting on the capstan dangling his feet, and the first shell from the enemy, going three times as high as our mast, was heard and seen by us. Dixon pointed at it, shouting

out: "High ball!"—and when it dropped about two miles out to sea, in a very serious, sanctimonious voice, said: "The batter is out on base," which caused a hearty laugh to be raised from all hands. As the fleet was withdrawing, the enemy managed to find one gun which had not been disabled. This was placed in commission and fired at our ship, the shell, however, going away over us.

Well do I recall the articles which we read in the New York papers, received a few days later, with copies of dispatches from Madrid, which had appeared in the Spanish newspapers. "Tremendous Spanish victory off Santiago de Cuba! Forts were engaged by the enemy, who lost three ships outside Santiago de Cuba, and a tremendous loss of American life was sustained. Captain Philip shot dead on the bridge of the 'Texas.'" The announcement of the Captain's death was in three-inch block letters on the front page, and his picture was in the centre of the article. As he opened the newspaper, I was standing by his side; he glanced at the paper, then, glancing at me, tried to speak, but seemed appalled, but managed to utter: "Chaplain, that makes me feel mighty peculiar." I said: "I don't doubt that in the least, sir; but you are a pretty lively corpse yet." Then we read as follows this article from the New York *Evening World:*

"WAS HE KILLED BY A SHELL? PRESIDENT GETS SAD NEWS OF THE DEATH OF THE NAVAL CAPTAIN IN BATTLE.

(*Special to the Evening World.*)

"WASHINGTON, *June 8th.*

"The President has just received a telegram stating that Captain Philip, of the battleship 'Texas,' was struck by a shell and instantly killed. It is not yet known whether this occurred during Monday's engagement or in a subsequent action. The news was brought to the President from the War Department. Senator Thurston, who saw the President, stated that the dispatch announcing the death of Captain Philip, of the battleship 'Texas,' came from Madrid, and that the President does not credit it. He has received nothing from Sampson in regard to it."

As regards the loss of life sustained by us, very little, if anything, has ever been written on that subject; but a great deal of merriment was excited when Blanco, in his dispatch to Madrid, announced the engagement at Matanzas, incidentally mentioning that he had lost a mule in the fight. I believe that yarn, as I really think a

mule was killed, and I would not be surprised if his rider and several other mule drivers were killed in that self-same action.

There were two lives sacrificed in this, our first engagement off Santiago de Cuba—one on the "Iowa," the other on the "Texas." Captain Evans, when going to his post on the bridge that morning, had the misfortune of allowing his little pet dog to follow him from the cabin; it was a pretty little Scotch terrier, which, when the "Iowa" opened fire, ran along the deck as fast as its little legs would permit; and when it came to the end of the ship forgot to stop, went overboard, and was drowned. That was life number one. On the "Texas," we had a little English fox terrier by the name of Daisy, the pet of the ship. When the men had to drill the dog would take her place in the front line, and at sunset, at colors, when all hands would stand at attention, the dog would stand up on its hind legs, always facing the colors with the men. This dog, to the sorrow of all on board, fell in a fit when our guns commenced to roar, and by the time the fit was over our dear little friend was no more, so she was committed to the deep by her many shipmates, and many a tear was shed by the men as she sank from their view. So the loss sustained that day turned out to be two dogs. During this fight, it did not appear to us that we were

in action. It was more like a regular target practice.

The next day the converted yacht "Gloucester" brought us some mail. The ninth was the hottest day on record, and a very slow one, too, but on the morning of the tenth, the "Yosemite" and the "Panther" came in from Tampa, the latter having 900 U. S. marines on board. She left later for Guantanamo, which the "Marblehead" and the "Dolphin" had captured for a coaling station; and it was the intention to land the marines there. These men had been on board ship several days and were delighted to find mother earth, even in the enemy's country. The "Texas" was ordered there a little later, for coal, and upon our arrival we found the marines encamped on a little hill, which they had called Camp McCalla. They had thrown up slight breastworks, as protection from the Spanish sharp-shooters; and if they had not done this, it would have appeared more like a summer's camp than a camp pitched on a battle-field. We coaled from the collier "Abarenda" until 3 P.M., when we shoved off and went back to Santiago to take our place on the blockade line, arriving there just about dark.

AN EXCITING FUNERAL.

Burial Under Fire, Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, June 12th, 1898.

CHAPTER X.

A BURIAL UNDER FIRE.

AT 3:30 A.M., on Sunday, June 12th, we started for Guantanamo to finish coaling. We knew the previous night the ship would return there in the morning, and that, being Sunday, I would not be able to hold divine service on board ship, as the regulations say: "Divine service shall be conducted on board ships carrying a Chaplain, should weather and other circumstances permit," so I intended asking permission to visit one of the ships at Guantanamo, carrying no Chaplain, or else try to visit the camp and speak to the marines. I was in my room about 7:30 A.M. and had my Bible open, reading a chapter, in preparation for the expected service. While I was thus engaged, I heard a very rapid volley firing. Jumping from my room into the passage-way, I ran along it and up the ladder leading to the deck. As my head appeared above deck, I noticed a young man in citizen's clothes running as fast as he could toward our six-inch gun house, where all the sailors had gathered. They shouted to

me: "Look out, Chaplain, the Dagoes are on the beach shooting at us, and if they hit you, you will get it in the head." Turning back, I went down the ladder quicker than I ever went before, reaching the next deck in about two steps. After the firing ceased, I returned on deck, and found that the young man whom I had seen running had been hit in the toe of his shoe, which was of very bright russet leather, in fact it was too yellow to be punctured—he was a *New York Journal* reporter.

Just as I reached the deck, Captain McCalla came alongside in his gig from the "Marblehead," and informed us that the marines had had a most trying experience during the night, having been fiercely attacked by the enemy. Three men were dead at the camp, and thirty-nine others, and an officer, were still missing, and he did not know whether they were dead, captured, or simply detained in the thicket. Lieutenant Cyrus Radford, of the U. S. Marine Corps, asked Captain Philip to allow him to visit the camp with his Marine Guard, numbering forty-one men, to render Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington any assistance that they could. The permission was granted, and the marines were ordered to be ready to board the boats to go over to the camp. Captain Philip sent over two of our Colt's automatic guns, which are capable of firing 378 times

a minute—the two making 756 shots every sixty seconds for the enemy. These guns he sent with his compliments to Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington. While the marines were preparing to leave the ship, I asked the Captain if he would allow me to accompany them, and render any service I could to the men who had been wounded over there, or, at least, bury the dead, if they had not already been buried. He gladly consented. As the marines went over the side of the ship and Lieutenant Radford was about to descend the ladder, I stepped up to the Officer of the Deck, and, saluting him, told him I had permission to leave the ship. The Lieutenant looked up and said: "Where are you going?" I said: "To the camp." He replied: "I guess you are not." I said: "I guess I am." Then he said: "What are you going for?" I answered: "I am going to render any assistance I can to the wounded, and to bury the dead." "Well," he said, "I don't believe you will; we don't want a Chaplain tagging us up; you had better give us a chance to get wounded or killed before you come." I replied: "You don't seem to comprehend the situation; we have been informed that several men have already been wounded over at the camp, and some are dead." "Oh! excuse me," he said, "I had forgotten that; I thought you were coming over to bury some of us."

When we were in the boats, we shoved off from the side of the ship, and our steam launch towed three of the ship's boats over to the shore. Reaching the end of a wooden pier that extended about twenty-five feet out into the Bay, we jumped from the boat to it, and as we reached the land we fell into line to march up the hill where the marines were encamped. I stood there a moment as though in a dream. It was a beautiful morning—the sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, and there was just sufficient air stirring to wave the great palm-trees, as they stood like gigantic banner bearers.

Reaching the camp, we told the Colonel why we had come. He seemed to appreciate it greatly, and said: "Chaplain, would you like to visit the hospital tent? Our dead are there." I said: "Yes, Colonel, I would." So, going over there, I beheld the ravages of war; it was all too true then. There lay a young Past Assistant Surgeon, Dr. John Blair Gibbs, U. S. N., who had given up an excellent practice in New York City, and had volunteered simply for the war. On either side of him lay two privates. Very suggestive. It seemed as though, even in death, they were guarding their superior officer. When the camp was attacked the night before the doctor was in his tent. A marine had been shot right through the hand, and was taken to the surgeon

for treatment. Dr. Gibbs had irrigated the wound carefully, and, taking his bandages from the medicine chest, was applying one when the camp was attacked. He said to the marine: "I must go outside and see what is going on." The marine, who was experienced in military life, said: "Don't you do it, doctor; lay prone on your stomach. If you go outside, the enemy will see you, and the chances are, you will get hit." He said: "I cannot help it; I cannot be shot down here like a dog. I must see what is going on." So, with one end of the bandage tightly wrapped around the hand of the marine, and the other end in his own, he stepped outside the tent; a bright light was behind him, making him a magnificent target for any sharp-shooter. An enemy, seeing him, took advantage of the opportunity, and, taking deadly aim at him, fired, the bullet entering his left temple and coming out at the right. He fell dead at the feet of the marine he was aiding, still holding the bandage in his hand.

The other two marines that had been killed were shot down soon after the surgeon had fallen —one shot through the lungs, the other through the head. They were Private Donnelly and Private Murphy. The Colonel immediately gave orders to prepare the bodies for burial, and to dig their graves. Then I saw for the first time what constituted the casket for our country's

heroes. They had fallen in their uniform—one in his bare feet, the other with his shoes and campaign uniform on; the doctor in his blue service uniform with his leggins and shoes on. Their rubber blankets were placed over their heads, tied around the neck; and around the chest another blanket was then added, and they were pronounced ready for the sad committal. The bugle sounded for the men to muster. The Colonel, Surgeon Edgar, U. S. N., and myself led the line of march; then came the three bodies on stretchers, followed by as many men as could be spared from the trenches. We marched to the place where the silent graves were ready to receive the bodies; a body was laid by the side of each hollow tomb. I was told to take my position by the centre grave, which was that of Dr. Gibbs. Doctor Edgar stood at my left, and the Colonel was on my right. I took out my Bible, and was about to commence the service when I heard a whistle. Turning to the Colonel, I said: "Sir, what is it?" thinking he had whistled. He said: "Nothing." I said: "I thought I heard a whistle, sir." He said: "No, Chaplain, I did not whistle; that was a Mauser bullet; we are attacked."

The order had been given to uncover, and the marines from the "Texas," the funeral escort, stood at parade rest; not a man stirred, as they stood in the very jaws of death. Captain Harper,

U. S. M. C., shouted out: "The camp is attacked! Fall in, Company C, E and A to the right, and engage the enemy." The men slid for the trenches with their rifles over their shoulders. Two reporters rushed in from the thicket, where the Spaniards had concealed themselves, and the scared expression on their faces really made me feel as though I would like to run myself, as this was the first time I had ever been under fire to realize it. An officer shouted to me: "Chaplain, fall back; go over there by the side of the block-house; it will afford you some protection." The block-house was really the foundation only, as the house itself had been demolished when our ships had captured the place. There was a trench around the ruins, and the marines were in it firing at the enemy. As I stood on the edge of the trench, some of them said: "Chaplain, you had better get in the trench, sir; the bullets are thicker than hail around here." So I jumped in, and soon heard the deadly missiles striking on the dirt behind me.

I was in the trench up to my waist, and I began to consult seriously with myself whether I was not very foolish to stand there in that position, as I could tell the enemy had our range, and were concentrating their fire on that place, so I said to the marines: "If I am going to get hit, I would rather get it from my waist down than from my

waist up; this is sixteen to one, and as I am no Bryanite, I would rather be out in the open." So I got out. The Colonel was still standing by our dead, giving his orders with his cap in his hand, as the last order he had given was to uncover, which order he had not forgotten, and he was perfectly composed as he directed the men in that engagement. Seeing me standing over by the trench, he beckoned me by moving his head to one side. Upon my going over to him, he said: "Chaplain, do you feel like continuing the service?" I said: "Yes, sir, with your permission." Then he said: "Go ahead." So, taking my place where I had stood a few moments before, I commenced the service, and was just uttering the words: "Man that is born of woman——" when up rushed three of the marines with one of our Colt's automatic guns, and some others with a three-inch field piece, planting them on either side of me, and all through the service those two guns seemed to chant the prayers with me; it was a peculiar sensation, yet it was very comforting to know, notwithstanding the fact that my back was to the enemy, as they fired at us, these marines were protecting me by firing at those who fired at us. Not a bullet passed me during the Committal Service, but as I closed my eyes, asking God to bless the men of that camp, I heard them whistling around me like so many

bees; but even then, I could hear that little baby lisping prayer: "Dear, dear papa, please come back," and for the time being became as good a fatalist as ever lived. It was a very consoling belief that, if my time had come, it had; but if not, I was just as safe there as though I was at home with those I loved.

After completing the services, I wished the Colonel, together with the other officers, good-day, saying I hoped I would not have to visit them again under such sad circumstances. The Colonel replied: "Chaplain, if you don't have to, some other Chaplain will, as we cannot all expect to leave this place." A Mr. Coffin, an artist for the New York papers and magazines, came to me and asked whether he could go over to the ship with me in our launch. I told him: "Yes, I had no objections." So we walked down the hill, together with a Mr. Duaide, of the *New York Sun*, who had joined us. They commenced talking to me of the service under fire, agreeing it was the most dastardly act that any people pretending to be civilized could perpetrate. As we talked thus, we reached the foot of the hill, and just as we entered the path under the cliffs we heard a rifle snap. Looking at my companions, I said: "Gentlemen, that gun is pointed at us." They laughed at me, and said I was rattled from being under fire so long. I said: "No, I am not;

but there is a peculiar ring about a gun when it is pointed toward you, and that gun certainly had that kind of a ring." They were satisfied, however, that it was not fired at us. So we walked leisurely along, when suddenly we heard three or four shots in succession. Looking up on the cliffs, we saw some regular guerrillas. They were naked and their bodies were painted green to look like the grass they had secreted themselves in as they stole up to us.

The men at the Quartermaster's Department, down near the landing, shouted at us to run for our lives, and spoil the enemy's aim. Mr. Coffin spoke up and said: "Yes, Chaplain, my name is altogether too appropriate for this business—I guess we had better run," and away we went, the bullets stirring up the dirt all about our path, and whistling all around us; and not until then did any of us realize how fast we could run. In fact I ran so fast that, to my surprise, I reached the launch first. Getting in, I said to the coxswain: "You will have to be careful, Coxswain, on returning to the ship, as evidently the enemy will fire at us." I had on my regular clerical coat, as the Chaplains at that time had no uniform, and I think the enemy mistook me for an officer of high rank, and that was why they fired at us. As we got out into the open, bullets began to drop all around the launch, and were so thick we expected

every moment to be struck. We signalled our ship that the enemy was on the point of the cliffs, firing at us. She immediately opened fire on them with her six-pounders and drove them away. We reached the ship safely, through the goodness of God; and if His mercy and protection had ever been realized by any person before, it most surely was proven to me that day, for mercy and goodness were standing by my side.

We returned to Santiago that night and reported the matter to Admiral Sampson. The next morning we returned to Guantanamo and found two marines had been killed during the night. One was Sergeant-Major Goode, as fine a man as there was in the whole Marine Corps. Had his life not ended so suddenly, he would have been made a Junior Lieutenant, as his name had been sent in. The other was a private by the name of Goode Taumann. I went over to bury them; their bodies were prepared just as those were the day before. The burial took place a little lower down than where the others had been committed. After I was through with the service, the officer in charge said: "Men, we have no blank cartridges, so put regular clips in your pieces; turn your faces toward the enemy's country, and fire the salute over our noble dead; and if you hit a Spaniard, all the better." Three volleys were fired, after which the bugle sounded

"Taps." This was a most impressive service. As we were leaving the graves, the enemy attacked us; that time having the decency to wait until the service was completed, when a very lively brush took place.

In the afternoon we proceeded to Santiago, arriving there at eight o'clock. We were rather tired from our day's experience. Shortly after our return, we learned the "Vesuvius" had joined the fleet. At eleven o'clock, I was sitting on the gunnel of a boat that was on our deck with Naval Cadet Henderson; he had his banjo with him, and was playing some familiar tunes. We were suddenly interrupted by a most unearthly noise, the like of which we had never heard before. It sounded as though a hundred horses had coughed simultaneously—then there was a deathlike quiet, followed by a most terrific explosion, which shook our ship from stem to stern. The vibration was never so perceptible when our whole battery had been discharged. Trying to imagine what had taken place, we were startled by the flash of a gun from the western battery, and heard the shell tearing its way through the air toward us. Henderson and myself sprang off the boat, and, as though it would be any protection, got underneath it as rapidly as we could. The shell passed over the ship without doing any damage. Another explosion followed

this, rapidly followed by a third. They were three dynamite shells that the "Vesuvius" had fired into the harbor, each one of them landing inside; all taking effect, the result of which we had no means then of ascertaining. Later on, however, we were informed that the effect of these shells was most amazing, as they tore up the earth for yards around, to all appearance as if an earthquake had visited the place. The next morning the forts opened fire on the "New Orleans," which she returned with interest. She was right near them, and, being fitted up with modern rapid-fire guns, gave the enemy about eight shots to their one. Daylight was just breaking, and this duel between the "New Orleans" and the forts was a beautiful and most invigorating sight.

CHAPTER XI.

GOING OVER THE MINES.

THE flagship signalled to the "Texas" early on the morning of the fifteenth: "Proceed at once to Guantanamo and destroy the forts, and return to the blockade station this evening." We reached the entrance leading into Guantanamo about noon. Captain McCalla, of the "Marblehead," sent an insurgent pilot whom he had on board over to us. Our Captain inquired of the pilot whether there were any mines in the harbor, and if there was plenty of water to enable us to steam any further up the Bay than we had been in the habit of doing? He said there had been no mines planted, to his knowledge, and he thought there was plenty of water for us. We steamed in slowly. The Commanding Officer said to the pilot: "You run me aground, and I will swing you up on the yard arm." Of course he did not mean it, but the poor insurgent thought he did, and was frightened almost to death. Just then the "Marblehead" signalled: "There is something foul with my propeller." I had some articles of value with me, which I wanted to secure in a safe

place, so went down to the forward handling room to deposit them. As I entered there, our colored barber was standing right inside of the passageway, all smiles, and, addressing me, said: "Well, Chaplain, if the Dagoes shoot across our decks today, they wont hit me; I have been sent down here to stand by to assist when the magazines are opened." I said: "No, William, the Spaniards wont hit you down here; but if we should happen to strike a mine, you will not be around to tell the story of how it happened." I turned around to put down my belongings, and started to leave, but no William was anywhere to be seen. In going below, he did not seem to realize any danger from coming in contact with mines, but soon discovered it when I mentioned the fact to him. Returning to the deck, I found that we had just struck two solid substances, and had picked something up with our propeller. Men were put over the side to secure it, and, to our horror, discovered two contact mines of French design.

We made very careful soundings, until it was discovered the water was getting rather shallow for us, so the Captain ordered the Officer of the Deck to bring the ship to anchor. We were then resting in nothing but slimy mud. At 3:30 P.M., our guns were loaded and pointed at the forts at Caimanera, around which were standing scores of soldiers, as they never expected we would be able

to reach a position where we could do them any damage, being aware of the deadly mines we would have to go over, and expecting, of course, to see us at any moment blown into eternity. We opened fire with our twelve-inch gun, and the soldiers, hearing the tremendous missile of destruction coming toward them, commenced to scatter in every direction. It was quite an open country around there; so we could see them running for some time. One of our twelve-inch shells fell right on top of the brick fort and literally tore it to atoms, blowing the roof completely off. The walls soon commenced to crumble and fall from our accurate aiming. We had been informed that a number of the Spaniards were concealed in a railroad station, so, just as a gentle reminder of our presence, we dropped two shells right in amongst them. The Spaniards who had not been killed were seen leaving there very hurriedly. During the bombardment they returned our fire, but only one shot touched the "Texas," that being a shrapnel which landed in one of our whaleboats, and which our Captain kindly made me a present of, later on.

After we had demolished the forts, our launches, together with the launches from the "Marblehead," with the "Suwanee" as a convoy, started to go up the river in search of mines. A number of Spanish sharp-shooters were concealed

among the brush, on a little island in the middle of the river, and immediately opened fire on our small boats. They had concealed themselves there, thinking our ship would be blown up, and then those of us fortunate enough to escape with our lives, in trying to reach the shore, would be shot down by them. The "Suwanee" made a fierce attack on them, firing her rapid-fire guns; the rapid-fire guns from the launches were also brought into play, and very soon the enemy was driven out. We returned to Santiago at 8:30 P.M., and reported to Admiral Sampson that we had fired twelve twelve-inch shells and fifty-six six-inch shells at the fort at Caimanera and destroyed it.

The "Marblehead" sent word to the flagship later on that evening that she had picked up twenty-nine contact mines, all of which the ships had gone over, and all of them were charged with a good amount of gun cotton; but barnacles had grown over the wooden firing pins, preventing their working when the ships came in contact with them, so the mines did not explode.

Many people have said: "God was not in this our war with Spain." If He was not with us that day, it is difficult to determine what influence was guarding us. We received one of the mines on board—a wicked-looking thing; and, while examining it, I said to the officers, who so often

had grumbled because barnacles so quickly formed on the bottom of our ships in Southern waters: "What do you think now, gentlemen, of the nuisance of barnacles?" Some of them said they would never complain again, as evidently they had saved our lives. The next morning we were called to general quarters, and the "Texas" alone commenced firing at the western battery at 5:25. We did good service, firing about an hour; in fact, it was so good that the flagship "Brooklyn" signalled: "Well done, 'Texas.'" The next morning, about the same hour, the "Vixen" was fired upon from a battery known as Mazamarra Battery, which the Spanish had erected in a block-house to the westward of Santiago. We cleared for action and entered the fight with her, and in very quick order there was no block-house to be seen. About eleven o'clock the next night, the "Vesuvius" fired three dynamite shells into the harbor; the enemy fired a shell at us, which went over us, as the one previously had done. At 12:50, the "Massachusetts" signalled that the "St. Paul" had found, and cut, the cable. We could hear the men cheering on the decks of the "St. Paul." Sunday morning the sun was shining as bright as ever; it was a perfect day; the bugle sounded the church call, and about two hundred of our men mustered to attend divine service. Our Church pennant went up, together with the

other Church pennants of the ships of the Squadron. The contrast was most striking: here we were telling the men of Jesus and His love; and yet at any moment we might have to cease our discourse and enter an engagement. Our men were very attentive all through this service, and they seemed to have far greater interest in spiritual matters every time I preached to them during those days, when we were standing by ready for action.

The next day, the U. S. Army transports appeared in the offing and remained there. They were convoyed by the battleship "Indiana." A torpedo boat brought our mail to us. The evening of the twenty-first, a tug brought orders from the Admiral to get out our boats and assist in landing the army. At 10:30, the "Vesuvius" fired her three shots at the fort; and the western battery fired three shots at the "Iowa" as she was throwing her search-lights in the entrance. The "Iowa" immediately returned the fire, and the fort quit. The transports then began to steam off to the westward, and that night there were sixty-seven American ships lighted up, so that the enemy could see them, and, at the same time, permit him to see what an array of vessels we could produce at one time; then we quieted down for the night, having received our orders from the flagship what to do the following morning.

While we were peacefully slumbering that night, the "Ericsson" stole in to the old position of the "Vesuvius" on the western entrance of the harbor. Directly east of her the powerful search-light of the "Iowa" was staring straight into the harbor's mouth, and a mile to the westward our search-light was trying to clear up suspicion along the shelving cliffs, where enemies might abide. The valiant little boat was thus wedged between the two lights. To have entered into either sector might have meant instant destruction, either from the batteries ashore or from our own ships, as our men were not taking any chances with torpedo boats sighted inshore on dark nights. Fortunately for her, our men did not get a glimpse of her, but toward morning the Spaniards saw the loom of her dark hull lying close in shore, and a few minutes later a large shell went screaming over her. It was quickly followed by three others, one of which went right between her smoke stacks, but luckily none of them struck her.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON, U. S. NAVY.
Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Fleet off Santiago de Cuba.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LANDING OF THE ARMY.

ALL hands were called at 4:30, and the ship was cleared for action. The Admiral had sent four transports to us, loaded down with men, with the intention of deceiving the enemy. All the other transports, looking like so many fire-flies to decoy the enemy, with running lights all ablaze, the night before had steamed out of sight to the westward. All on board them were at this time wholly in the dark as to what the movements meant, commented idly on the vagaries of direction, and wondered if every one had gone stark mad; but when they returned to the eastward and landed the army down at Baiquiri, they knew what it had been done for. As a further decoy some five hundred Cubans were marching and countermarching on land to the westward of Santiago and making as much racket as was possible. The "Texas" was ordered in alone, to make a demonstration in the way of a feint. We commenced firing at 7:30 A.M. at the batteries of Santiago, principally engaging the Socapa battery, which was to the westward. The Spaniards returned our

fire. The other ships remained on the blockading line; the transports steamed in, and we could see the Spanish rushing off to where they expected our men would be landed.

At 8:45 a shell entered our port bow on the gun deck, cutting a stanchion in half as it came through, then breaking a heavy wooden reel used to wind the hawsers on. Striking the starboard side, but not penetrating it, as its force was spent, it fell back and exploded, killing F. J. Blakely, and seriously wounding R. E. Russell, an apprentice. Seven others were wounded by the same shell. Blakely's time was up just three days before he was killed, he having reached the age of twenty-one. Captain Philip offered to send him home on the "Supply," but he elected to stay and see the war out. The shell which killed him was the last the battery fired. Our men aimed their guns wonderfully—the shells would strike the parapet at every discharge. We dismounted three of their guns, which the combined force of the fleet had been unable to accomplish heretofore. As our men were lying on the deck, blood streaming from their wounds, Surgeon W. R. Du Bose, U. S. N., and myself rushed in to them. We could scarcely see for the blinding smoke caused by the exploding of the shell. Reaching a young fellow by the name of Geo. Mullin, we found him standing up, revealing an

awful gash in the back of his thigh, about three inches wide, cut right to the bone. As he stood there holding his poor wounded leg, he shouted out to the men around him: "Oh, fellows, look at this! ain't that a dandy? Now where is your first aid to the wounded?"

One of the men was busy picking up the fragments of poor Blakely's body, as he had been badly torn by receiving the full shock of the explosion, and was blown to atoms, the under part of the deck above being smeared with blood, burnt flesh and hair. One of his hands was found twenty-five feet from where the shell exploded. Passing the awful sight, I went over to where Russell was lying on the deck. Stretchers were hurriedly brought in, and the men were taken to the sick bay. Russell was the first one to be treated, he being the most seriously injured, having received eleven pieces of shell in different parts of his body. Addressing him, I said: "Russell, my poor fellow, I am so sorry for you." He said: "Well, Chaplain, I cannot see out of my left eye." I said: "No; you are cut over that eye, and I think the blood is interfering with your sight." Then he brightened up and said: "Don't you think I have lost the sight of that eye, sir?" I said: "No, I don't." Then he said: "I don't care, then; the Dagoes haven't killed me anyhow —so I have that laugh on them."

I immediately took the names of the wounded and the addresses of their people, taking down messages for them that they wanted me to wire to their homes, so that their friends would not be too much broken up when reading the possible exaggerated newspaper reports regarding their injuries. We withdrew at 10:45. The "Brooklyn" came alongside and congratulated us; and when we informed her that we had lost one of our crew said: "You have our sympathy, as well as our congratulations, then." As she was coming toward our ship, she again ran up the signal: "Well done, 'Texas.'" During that engagement, we fired 200 shots. The "Brooklyn" signalled: "Do you want any assistance, 'Texas,' in caring for your wounded?" Our Captain replied: "No, they are all being treated, and are quite comfortable; all I want is some more ammunition, as our supply is getting low."

We steamed outside at 2 P.M., to bury our dead. The body of poor young Blakely was wrapped in his hammock, securely sewn, and weighted with a six-inch armor-piercing shell, so that it would sink. Boatswain's Mate McCarty, in a very solemn tone of voice, shouted down the hatchways: "A-l-l h-a-n-d-s o-n d-e-c-k—t-o b-u-r-y o-u-r d-e-a-d." Poor Blakely was placed on a stretcher and was borne by four of his shipmates to the starboard side of the quarter deck. Our

men mustered for this, our first funeral at sea. I took my place by the side of the remains and commenced this my first Committal Service where I had to commit a body to the deep. While uttering the words, "We therefore commit his body to the sea to be turned into corruption," the men who had carried the remains to the side of the ship lifted up one end of the stretcher and our late shipmate's body rapidly slid from it into the sea and disappeared from our view. Just as it reached the water, the bugler stepped up alongside of me and sounded that most solemn call of all, that of "Taps," which is always sounded over the dead. It was a very impressive service, and our men seemed that day to recognize the fact that, even though things were going pretty much one-sided with us, yet we were standing side by side with death, not knowing whose turn would come next. The saddest duty I had to perform during the war was to write to Mrs. Blakely, the mother of our hero, at Providence, R. I., and inform her that her dear boy had fallen while defending his country's honor.

All the time the "Texas" was thus engaged, the army was being landed unmolested down at Baiquiri—and here came in the great triumph of strategy of our beloved Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sampson. All the officers admitted that it was a most brilliant piece of strategic work

on the part of our grave yet ever courteous Admiral, in landing an army on a hostile coast unhindered and unharmed. His plans were as perfect as ingenuity could possibly make them, as not even the Commanding Officers present knew where the army was to be landed until the plan disclosed itself, when the transports were brought to anchor off Baiquiri, and the boats prepared to land the troops.

Between Baiquiri and Santiago lay the ports of Aguadores and Ensenada. Both places showed vistas of railroad embankment and trestlework. The road alongside of the track led into Santiago, and it was not the intention of Admiral Sampson to have his well-laid plans foiled by allowing the enemy to use this road in hurrying reinforcements to the point of attack at Baiquiri. So he ordered his ships to fire at the trestlework. The gunboats closed in, and very soon the trestlework came tumbling down. Rapidly the army was landed, and, as fast as they reached the shore, formed into companies, the companies into regiments, the regiments into brigades, and all moved quickly and without confusion into preconceived positions. Each man took with him two days' rations and 250 rounds of ammunition.

To think of what was accomplished that day by Admiral Sampson! Never before in history has such a thing been known as the landing of an

army in an enemy's country without resistance or the loss of a single life. Yet this is what that great and noble man, Admiral Sampson, did, when he landed our army in Cuba. As I recall all the magnificent achievements he performed off Santiago de Cuba, I feel that, *if such a thing were possible,* I would rather stand for a single day before the people of America as Admiral Sampson, than to stand before them for a life-time as any *other man living.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARMY FAILED TO CONNECT.

AT 3:30 A.M., June 23d, we got under way for Guantanamo, where we had been ordered to replenish our magazines with ammunition. Arriving there at 8:30, we went alongside the "Resolute." While we took on ammunition, we also sent all of our empty powder cans over to the "Panther." During the day we took on a large quantity of six and twelve-inch shells, and left for Santiago at 3:30 A.M., arriving there at 8:30 the same evening. On our way back we passed the "Wasp," "Bancroft," "Ericsson," "New Orleans," "Porter," and the "Vesuvius." The camp-fires of our army were plainly visible on shore as we steamed past and a number of transports and gunboats lay at anchor near the landing place. Friday, the twenty-fourth, the "Scorpion," "Vixen," "St. Louis" and "New Orleans" shelled the eastern shore all the morning. Saturday passed very quietly until the afternoon, when the "Scorpion" hailed us and said the army had captured six hundred prisoners and had two thousand Spaniards surrounded—which information naturally caused us to rejoice. Sunday we held divine service as usual; the men attending

in large numbers, taking part heartily in the singing, and the responsive service. Things went on very quietly until the evening of the twenty-sixth, when the provision ship "Celtic" came in with fresh provisions for the fleet; and that night we had the first fresh roast meat we had had in about three weeks, which tasted most delicious. I really believe it was the finest piece of beef I ever ate in my life.

On the twenty-ninth, at 1 A.M., we left for Guantanamo to coal ship and, reaching there at 6 A.M., made fast to the collier "Kingtor"; returning there also from Santiago on the thirtieth. We were assisted each time in coaling by a number of Spanish prisoners, who were kept on board the collier for safe keeping, and they worked like heroes. The morning of July 1st dawned clear, and the flagship signalled for a general bombardment of the forts; but while we went to quarters, we did no shooting—the "Iowa," "New York" and "Newark" doing the whole thing. On the morning of the second the signal was made: "We will storm the forts, and after we have silenced them, the army will come in at the rear and take possession of them."

All hands were up bright and early the next morning, took our coffee, etc., and cleared ship for action, and at 5:30 opened fire on the western battery, keeping up a continuous fire, which

the enemy returned vigorously, until 7:30, when the firing ceased. The forts began firing as we were drawing off and fired several shots at us, but none of them took effect. The army failed to put in an appearance, notwithstanding the fact that the eastern battery was silenced and everything was in readiness for them to make the advance. The "Suwanee" came alongside of our ship and said: "The army could not pass where the trestlework had been knocked down; the water was too deep for them, and that is the reason they failed to connect." We had been fighting that day bow on, from our port battery. During the bombardment, a number of us were standing on the bow of the ship, watching our shells drop, but when the ship turned to withdraw I started aft to see the finish of the fight. Just as I reached there, I noticed some smoke hovering over the western battery and wondered where the shell was. I was not kept long in doubt, for just then I heard it coming toward us, like the Empire State Express train, through the air. It seemed to explode right over me, though some distance up in the air, causing me to jump, and doubling me completely up. There were some men standing near me, and one of them said: "Well, Chaplain, that got your wind, didn't it, sir?" I was in the act of answering when blood poured from my mouth, and inside of twenty

minutes I had six hemorrhages. I was taken below and put in my bunk; the two doctors attended me, and watched me closely all the afternoon. Dr. Biddel was on board to relieve Dr. Du Bose, who was ordered to the New York Naval Hospital for duty, but Dr. Du Bose was not detached until the morning of the fourth.

It was determined, if I did not recuperate quickly, to send me to the hospital ship "Solace" for a few days, and if that did not prove beneficial, I was to be sent home. I could not make myself believe I was very seriously injured. The Captain came to my room, and, in his good-natured way, endeavored to encourage me. I said: "Captain, I shall be all right, if we don't have any more bombardments for the next few days, as the powder smoke will, in all probability, start me coughing, and I fear it may cause more hemorrhages." He said: "Well, then, I guess you will soon be all right—as I do not think we shall have any more bombarding to do in a hurry." That evening, while in my room alone, I had plenty of time to think, and, opening my Bible, read the sixth chapter of Ezekiel, little realizing how soon that old prophecy was again to be fulfilled, as I little knew we were standing on the eve of one of the greatest naval victories of all the ages.

CHAPTER XIV.

DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

ON June 22d, the day our army was landed at Baiquiri, Admiral Sampson sent around a general order, which closed as follows: "The attention of Commanding Officers of all vessels engaged in blockading Santiago de Cuba is earnestly called to the necessity of the utmost vigilance from this time forward, both as to maintaining stations and readiness for action and as to keeping a close watch upon the harbor mouth. If the Spanish Admiral ever intends to escape, that attempt will be made soon." Sunday morning, July 3d, was a day hard to be beaten, even in that sunlit country of Cuba. About eight o'clock, Surgeon Du Bose, U. S. N., came to my room to examine me. My temperature had been taken, when a messenger boy came down from the bridge, with a message from Lieutenant Bristol, Officer of the Deck, asking whether I would conduct divine service that morning. I sent back this answer to Lieutenant Bristol: "I am very sorry; but do not believe I am strong enough to hold service; any-

way, I cannot, as I am on the sick list." This was the first time I had to say "No" about holding service since I had been on board.

At nine o'clock, Captain Philip came to my door and asked how I was getting along. His good-natured face, with the smile it always bore, cheered me exceedingly. Then, in his jocular manner, he said: "Well, Chaplain, I guess you want to go out on a farm." I said: "No, sir, not exactly." Then he said: "You want to go home, then." I replied: "Yes, Captain; if I am going to be sick I want to go home, as I do not care to be ill down here, but do not want to shirk my duty." "Well, we will see how you are a little later," said the Captain, and, with a word of cheer, he disappeared.

At 9:30 the doctor returned, in company with the apothecary, who had brought some medicine for me. As they were standing by the side of my bunk, Lieutenant F. L. Haesler, U. S. N., came below, exclaiming: "They are coming out, fellows!" Just then the general alarm rang, and the doctor left. I got my clothes on as rapidly as I could, as I was still very weak, and could scarcely get around. One of our young officers was in the barber's chair, getting his whiskers trimmed when the bell rang; he had a beautiful auburn crop, which had become too bushy to suit him in that hot climate, so he decided upon the

Van Dyke style. The tonsorial artist was cutting away, and had finished trimming one side (the starboard) down to perfection. Suddenly the alarm sounded, and, without waiting a moment, our handsome shipmate hurried to his station with a decided list to port so far as his whiskers were concerned; there was no list about his sight, however. As the magazines were opened, the men slid down the hawsers like so many monkeys sliding down a pole; so active and anxious were they to be ready for the fight. The first twelve-inch shell that came up was for Lieutenant Haesler's gun, on which the men had inscribed with chalk, down in the magazine:

"In God we trust,
This shell will bust,
And blow the Dagoes
Into dust."

"In memory of the 'Maine,' from her beloved sister ship, the 'Texas,' off Santiago de Cuba, July 3d, 1898."

After I had completed dressing, which was simply to pull my trousers and thin jacket over my pajamas, which I had not time to take off, I went to the after port, and, looking out, saw the biggest ships I had ever seen in my life—Cervera's magnificent ships of war. The

cruiser "Infanta Maria Teresa," Cervera's flagship, was in plain view, coming around Smith Cay in front of the Punta Gorda battery. From our signal halyards flew the flags representing general signal No. 250: "The enemy is attempting to escape."

Lieutenant Mark L. Bristol had the bridge, and the order had gone down to the men in the engine room: "Full speed ahead!" and the dear old "Texas," the mighty black bulldog of war that she was, rushed on to meet the foe, and was churning a white wake before the first black prow of Cervera's Squadron had fairly showed around Puntilla. Notwithstanding the long, tedious waiting for the Spanish Admiral to come out, Admiral Sampson's orders had been faithfully obeyed, and the blockade was conducted with a success exemplified only by the result. Within three minutes of the time when the alarm was given, the "Texas" was under way, at full speed, firing, every man at his post. What greater perfection can be demanded? On each side of the "Texas," the "Brooklyn" and the "Iowa" were coming up with a tremendous rush. The dash they made for the enemy, with the water pouring over their bows, was beautiful beyond description. Farther east were the "Oregon" and the "Indiana," also headed in, ready for business. As soon as our Captain reached the

STRIPPED FOR ACTION.
U. S. Battleship "Texas" Engaging the Fleet.

bridge, Lieutenant Bristol hastened to his post at the port twelve-inch turret gun. Captain Philip saw at a glance that the purpose of Cervera was to run his ships in column westward in his effort to escape between the "Brooklyn" and the shore before our heavier ships could come up to stop him. Cervera miscalculated his speed, as well as the speed of our battleships, also had very little idea, perhaps, of the deadly accuracy of the aim of the men behind the American guns at long range, as before he had found himself fairly outside of the Morro, our whole Squadron—"Oregon," "Indiana," "Iowa," "Brooklyn" and "Texas"—was after him, and the way the shells were fired into him virtually decided the issue of the battle in a very few moments.

It was exactly 9:40 A.M. when a great puff of smoke came from the forward eleven-inch gun of the "Maria Teresa," the shell dropping short, but right in line with us. I remembered what Captain Philip so often had said about the War of the Rebellion, which he was in, claiming that whichever side opened fire on the Sabbath was always defeated, so I felt rejoiced that the enemy had fired the first shot. I really believe I was a little superstitious just then. The battle was now raging in deadly earnest. Shot after shot was fired at the various ships. The "Maria Teresa," being in the lead, received the concentrated fire of

our ships for some time. Then the two torpedo boats rushed out and the shout went along our deck: "Torpedo boats, sir, in our smoke!" Our hearts began to beat very rapidly, as the destroyers were the instruments of death we dreaded most; but, to our surprise, instead of heading for us, they rushed on like two race horses close to the shore, each trying to outpoint the other.

Knowing what these swift little crafts were capable of accomplishing, all the ships poured a deadly fire right in on them, and I think all took a turn in the destruction of them; but a great deal of the credit of their destruction is due to the unprotected auxiliary vessel, "Gloucester," commanded by Commander Richard Wainwright, who was on the "Maine" when she blew up in the harbor of Havana; and surely he remembered his beloved ship and her gallant men that morning. She made a very plucky fight, rushed in and, at close range, poured shot after shot into the "Pluton" and the "Furor." The "Pluton" was run on the rocks, after being disabled, and very soon blew up. The "Furor" sank in deep water a few minutes later; this was at 10:30.

Our ship had been struck a few minutes before that, right in the smoke stack; and here again is shown the hand of Providence directing our beloved Captain. The firing from the enemy's ship had become very general, shells were screaming

around our bridge, and the Captain said to the officers up there with him: "We had better go down to the lower bridge." Going down the only remaining ladder for them to descend, they had just stepped off it, when crash went a shell, right into the pilot house where they were standing only a moment before. Had they not left when they did, one or more of them would probably have been killed. We were then rushing on in the thick of the fight, when suddenly our navigator, Lieutenant Heilner, happened to remark that the Spanish cruisers had a plenty of colors flying, and they wanted us to believe they meant business, whether they did or not, as their great yellow and red flags were flying at their signal halyards. This caused him to look aloft and say: "Why, where are our battle flags? What is a battle without battle flags?" He then hurried a messenger after them. The messenger returned with the information that the flags were in the locker and that the Chief Quartermaster had the key. The Signal Quartermaster just then was very busy, and somewhat inaccessible, being at his post of duty in the fore upper top. Then the navigator said: "Smash the locker." This being done, we were furnished with the battle flags; up they went, but I don't believe the old ship fought any better after that, though doubtless it made the Lieutenant very much happier.

"Captain," he said, "those fellows got enough battle flags up, but I guess they have their white ones ready for an emergency."

The smoke was dense around us at this time, and we could not see very far ahead. The shells were screeching like so many screech owls above us, and yet our brave, noble and heroic Captain stood on the lower bridge, never flinching in this, his hour of danger. As the "Texas" veered westward, the "Brooklyn" was plowing up the water at a great rate in a course almost due north, direct for the oncoming Spanish ships, and was nearly a mile away from the "Texas." The smoke from our guns just then began to hang heavily and densely over the ship for a few moments, but it seemed more like an hour that we were hidden in this cloud, as it hovered over the waters. To use the Captain's own language: "I might as well have had a blanket tied over my head as to be there with the smoke completely blinding me"; but suddenly a whiff of the breeze and a lull in the firing lifted the pall, and there, bearing toward us and across our bow, turning on her port helm, with big waves crawling over her bows, great clouds of black smoke pouring from her funnels, was the "Brooklyn." She looked as big as half a dozen "Great Easterns" and seemed so near that it took my breath away. "Back both engines hard!" the Captain shouted down the

tube to the engine room; and in the twinkling of an eye the old ship, that never refused to obey either her engines or her helm, was racing against herself, and by this cool, level-headedness and seamanlike ability on the part of our Commanding Officer the collision, which seemed inevitable, was averted. And as the big cruiser went rushing by us, all on the bridge with the Captain gave a sigh of relief: for had the "Brooklyn" struck us then, the "Texas," in all probability, would have sunk with her five hundred men on board, and if the "Texas" had collided with the "Brooklyn," her fate would have been almost as disastrous, as she would have doubled up like a hoop, not having been built for ramming. This happened shortly after we commenced the fight, and just before the torpedo boats were destroyed.

We again began to exchange compliments with the "Maria Teresa," who was firing at us as rapidly as she could, but the aiming of her men was exceedingly poor. At last she was forced to surrender; and at 10:35 her white flag went up, as the yellow and the red came down. The flames were roaring out of every side of her, and curling up twice as high as her mast, and we heard the crackling of the timber as it burned so fiercely on that ship, then a wreck, which only a few moments before was as magnificent a looking

ship as ever sailed the Carribean Sea. Just three minutes after the "Maria Teresa" went on shore the "Oquendo" had to follow her example, and, hauling down her colors, hoisted the white flag. This caused our men to feel elated, and they were in the act of cheering, when our Captain, a perfect man in battle, yet as soft-hearted as a child when it was necessary, surmised what their intentions were, so, lifting both hands up in the air, he stamped on the bridge, and, shouting at the men, said: "Don't cheer, boys; those poor devils are dying!" and it is needless to say they didn't.

The "Oregon," when the fight commenced, was the farthest away, but almost as soon as the battle commenced, she was the leading ship. The "Brooklyn," the "Iowa" and the "Indiana," as well as the "Texas," had all assisted in the destruction of these two ships, the pride of the Spanish nation.

The "Vizcaya," in command of Captain Eulate, was then the only ship remaining for us to engage in that immediate vicinity, as the "Colon" had run by her and was headed up the coast. We put a regular torrent of shells into the "Vizcaya." The "Brooklyn" was abeam of her, about two miles outside; the "Oregon" was nearly abeam, half a mile further in shore; and the "Texas" was on the starboard quarter of the "Oregon" and about a mile in the rear. All

three were steering parallel courses to the westward. We were all giving it to her, but her crew, with a most striking and persistent tenacity, remained by their guns, until at last she, too, had to make for the beach, where she was hard and fast at 11:05. At 11:30, a terrific explosion took place on board, as the first of her magazines blew up.

Then began the chase of the "Christobal Colon," which ship was then about six miles ahead of us. The "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" started in pursuit, and our Captain, fearing something might happen to the "Oregon," and knowing the "Colon" to be the supposed superior ship of the two, as compared with the "Brooklyn," considered it his duty to force his engines and join the race, and in a very little while our ship was making as fine speed as she had ever made since her trial trip. The men in the engine rooms had been on duty for several hours; one watch had just come off duty when the battle commenced, having been on four hours previous to that time, and as it was now nearing noon, they had been in the trying fire-room for seven hours. The Marine Guard was in charge of the secondary battery, and, their guns not being in service at this time, as the "Colon" was out of range, asked Lieutenant Radford, their Commanding Officer, to obtain the Captain's

permission to allow them to go down and relieve the firemen. The permission was granted, and the marines went below; but, as they entered the fire-room, those lusty fellows down there told them to get out of that and go back on deck where they belonged; as it was their duty to be in the fire-room, as firemen of the ship, and supply the fuel in time of action, and that duty they would do, or die; and it is remarkable to relate that, notwithstanding that exceedingly trying experience, with a temperature of 127 degrees the greater part of the time, not one of those men was overcome by the heat.

At 12:45 the "Oregon" sent a shell after the "Colon," to let her know that we were still pursuing. Finally she was hemmed in on all sides, and at 1:20 ran down her colors, as her Commanding Officer beached her. We signalled: "Enemy has surrendered." The signal was repeated by the "Vixen," then coming up behind us, to the "New York," some miles to the eastward, but was not acknowledged. As the "Oregon" closed in, her band was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." All the Spanish crew was on the deck of the "Colon"; the men on the "Brooklyn" were shouting and cheering. Our Commanding Officer came from the bridge; all hands were on the quarter deck, as we were then with our stern toward the enemy. Looking over

toward that ship, the last of the enemy to go ashore, it was a beautiful picture. Had her Commanding Officer spent weeks in selecting a place to beach his ship, he could not have found a more picturesque place than where he had beached her. Off her starboard beam was the only green field that I had seen all the time we had been around the coast of Cuba, which served as a kind of background for the picture. Surrounding this field were the lofty pine and palm trees.

As our Captain came toward us he uncovered his head, then, looking at his men, said: "Men, I have always had implicit confidence in the 'Texas,' my officers and my crew, but my greatest confidence is in Almighty God, and I wish to make public acknowledgment, here to-day, of my belief in prayer; and I ask every man of you to uncover his head with me, that is, if you have no religious scruples, and silently thank God for our deliverance and for the victory He has given us." There they stood, stripped to the waist, blood streaming from their strained muscles, their bodies stained from the powder, the coal dust and smoke of the fire-room, but from the heart of every one of us that beautiful Sabbath morning went up the most fervent prayer that ever left the heart of man, as we thanked God for the victory He had given us and for our miraculous

escape. The Captain did not know I was on deck until after he had spoken, when he happened to see me standing on the starboard side, so sent an ensign to me, apologizing for depriving me of the privilege of performing my duty of offering an audible prayer. I sent back my compliments and, going over, took the Captain's hand and said: "Captain, I am glad you did not know I was here, sir, because this act of yours has proven to me that you are the kind of a man I always believed you to be—that is, a man who has faith in prayer." Later on, the Executive Officer came to me and said: "Chaplain, did you hear those remarks of the Commanding Officer?" I said: "Yes, sir." He said: "That was the most manly act I have ever witnessed in my life."

Just then the "New York" came up, together with the "Vixen" and Commodore Schley came alongside of our ship in his gig. He called to Captain Philip and said: "We have no Chaplain on the 'Brooklyn'; we want to borrow yours. As he buried our first dead in Cuban soil, I want him to go with us to Guantanamo and bury Yeoman Ellis, who was killed. Looking at the Captain, I said: "Captain, I have your permission, sir?" He said: "Yes." And I started to leave the ship. The Austrian man-of-war, "Kaiserin Maria Theresa," supposed to be a Spanish ship coming to the aid of Admiral

Cervera, had been sighted, so Admiral Sampson ordered Commodore Schley, with the "Brooklyn" and "Oregon," to go after her and destroy her. Expecting the ships would soon be in action, our doctor came up to Captain Philip and said: "Don't you allow the Chaplain to go, sir." I said to the Captain: "Oh, please let me go, sir!" He said: "No; I had forgotten you were ill." So he called down to Commodore Schley: "Our Chaplain is too ill to leave the ship; he has been attacked with hemorrhages; I am sorry, but it cannot be helped." The Commodore returned to his ship, and one burly fellow on our deck shouted out: "Let us give three cheers for our beloved Captain!" And they were given with a vengeance. The old ship fairly shook as the men cheered Captain Philip, the hero who had that day led them to victory—a hero who, for the stand he had taken that day, would, we knew, be admired by the Christian world.

We remained by the "Colon" that night. In the morning, when I went on deck, I was saddened to see that that noble ship had capsized and was lying with her starboard guns pointing to the sky. We started for Santiago, which was forty-eight miles distant, and on our way thither passed several Spaniards who had been drowned or killed; some of them floating with their heads, hands and feet down, and a life belt around their

waist, which had slidden down, causing them to drown. We reached Santiago just at noon. The battle flags went up, as we formed the usual blockading half circle. Three or four foreign warships had come in, an Austrian that created such a stir the day before, an English, and a Portuguese. We fired the national salute in honor of our Fourth of July, and it was a grand termination of that most glorious naval victory.

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE "ST. LOUIS" WITH ADMIRAL CERVERA.

ABOUT three o'clock on the afternoon of the Fourth, Captain Philip signalled to the flagship reporting my sickness, at the same time stating that the surgeon recommended my being sent North immediately. The flagship signalled back to transfer me to the "St. Louis" and also directed Surgeon Du Bose to proceed by the same ship North. Accordingly the Captain issued this order to me:

U. S. S. "TEXAS," OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
July 4th, 1898.

To CHAPLAIN HARRY W. JONES, U. S. N.,
U. S. S. "TEXAS."

Sir:

By direction of the Commander-in-Chief, proceed to New York, and report to the Medical Director of the U. S. Naval Hospital for treatment.

Very respectfully,
J. W. PHILIP,
Captain U. S. N., Commanding.

At 5:30 we were ready to leave the ship. There was quite a swell on, and with great difficulty we boarded our steam launch, which was to take us over to the "St. Louis." We reported to Captain Goodrich, in command of the "St. Louis." He accepted us for passage, but did not endorse our orders then. Soon after we boarded, the Officer of the Deck announced to Captain Goodrich that a boat was coming alongside with Admiral Cervera and several other officers of the Spanish fleet. This boat was commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Rodgers, the Executive Officer of the "Iowa."

All preparations were made to receive the Admiral with the honors due his rank. The full Marine Guard was paraded. Officers mustered on the starboard side of the quarter deck. The officers of his own ships stood by the gangway to receive their beloved Commander-in-Chief as he came on board. Captain Eulate was the first to embrace him, and, with arms around each other's neck, they wept like two women. It was a most pathetic sight. The guard presented arms, the officers uncovered, the bugle rang out its flourishes; and as this defeated Admiral, who had lost so much in a few minutes, stood there, the crew broke out into cheers, and for several seconds Admiral Cervera stood bowing his thanks. Captain Goodrich presented the officers to the Ad-

miral. As I took his hand, I said: "Admiral, I am delighted at having the honor of meeting you, and of taking you by the hand, as I wish to say, sir, I have admired you ever since your manly treatment of our men that entered your harbor on the collier 'Merrimac.'"

Later in the evening we got under way and started for Guantanamo Bay. Life aboard this converted trans-Atlantic liner was altogether different to what it had been on a warship in time of war. The electric lights were all aglow throughout the ship. A sumptuous repast was spread on the saloon deck. We sat around the table with the Admiral and his Captains, as Captain Goodrich had invited Surgeon Du Bose and myself to be his guests on that occasion. The delicacies furnished for this dinner certainly reminded us of home, and we enjoyed everything we partook of.

Captain Eulate sent this telegram from Guantanamo to his wife at Porto Rico: "Ship burned, life and honor saved." I tried to draw him into conversation early the next morning. He seemed awfully cast down, but very courteously responded to my salutation and said: "Good-morning, Chaplain, this is a beautiful morning"; then, with tears running down his cheeks, said: "But poor dear 'Vizcaya' burned and a wreck, and so many of my noble men dead. God pity me! I am alone—no ship, no home; it is so hard. I

had a lovely family, but now they will be despised, as their father lost his ship. My Government, when we lose a ship, will never give us another. So cruel and so unjust when we fought so hard!"

A careful watch was set over all the prisoners. Some of the marines were sent over from the camp before we got under way, to strengthen the Marine Guard, as we had about eight hundred prisoners on board, and, before we were reinforced, only about ten marines. We left Guantanamo Bay at 6 A.M., the morning of the fifth. Every morning the prisoners were brought on deck and, under the supervision of Captain Eulate, the fire hose was played on them, affording them a regular shower bath. The Captain said that was his custom every day while in command of the "Vizcaya." I found the Admiral a most charming gentleman. Unfortunately, he could speak very little English, but could understand it if we wrote it, and would either answer us in broken English, French, or Spanish. If we could not understand either language, one of his officers would act as his interpreter. I had many a pleasant conversation with him and asked several questions on my way up the coast. I found he was exceedingly anxious to find out where we were going, so were all of the Captains. The Captain of the "Colon" was among the prisoners of war, so was Captain Senor Don Pedro, who

commanded the destroyer "Pluton," also Senor Don Diego Carlier, commander of the destroyer "Furor." Admiral Fernando Villamil, commander of the destroyers, was on board the "Furor," and was killed toward the close of the engagement. I learned from the Captains of these torpedo boats that there were seventy-eight men on each boat. Fifty-six were killed on one of them and fifty-one on the other.

Admiral Cervera said to me: "I do not understand why I lost so many men, and the Americans only one." I said: "Admiral, we are a praying people, and God answered our prayer." He replied: "So are we—as our people pray." I said: "Yes, Admiral; but the Americans know God well enough to go to Him direct—we have not to go second-handed to Him in the person of the Virgin Mary." "Well," he said, "a few of my country people are Protestants, too."

Captain Don Pedro was a whole-souled man, as, in fact, all the officers were, and I became greatly attached to them during the cruise. They persisted in their inquiry as to our destination, and all that I could say was that I had no idea where we were going, as my orders simply said: "Proceed to New York for treatment," but outside of that I knew not where the ship would land. They seemed very anxious to be kept as prisoners of war by the Navy, and did not want to be transferred to the Army.

Captain Eulate, on one occasion, asked us what we thought of the fight of the "Vizcaya." We, of course, spoke in complimentary terms of it. Then, in glowing words, he spoke of his men and of the able manner in which they had fought their guns against such powerful odds the morning of the third. I could tell he loved his ship dearly, and also his men. He would visit them frequently in their quarters, and so would Admiral Cervera. The men would kiss their hands every time they went to see them, as they were a very affectionate lot of people.

I asked the Admiral on one occasion why he did not come out and engage the fleet at night. He said: "That was an impossibility after Admiral Sampson organized the blockading squadron." I said: "Why did you come out, then, when you did? Did you imagine it was less likely to be disastrous in daylight than at night?" He said: "I was ordered out." I asked him: "By whom?" He said: "By my Government." I said: "By letter or telegram?" He said: "Telegram." Then I asked: "Was not the cable cut before you came out?" This question I wrote in my memorandum book, and he wrote underneath: "When I came out, we had communication with every city of the world." I knew then that of all the cables that we had been cutting, the one we wanted most to sever was not among them.

I further asked him if he came out immediately after getting his orders? He said: "No, I was first ordered out to engage the fleet. I answered that telegram: 'It is useless to attempt it.' The reply came from Madrid, 'You go out and fight.' I wired back: 'It is suicidal to attempt it.' When the final message came: 'No matter what the consequences are, you go out and fight,' there was no alternative to this: the only thing I could do was to obey those orders; and, embracing the opportunity when the 'Massachusetts' went away and the 'New York' also going away to the eastward and thinking the 'Massachusetts' was the 'Oregon,' I thought my chances were as good then as they would ever be. My plan was to rush by the 'Texas,' ram the 'Brooklyn,' and put to sea, as I had no idea of the speed of the 'Texas' or the 'Oregon,' which I thought was the 'Massachusetts.' My plan was good, but my accomplishment was bad. I did the best I could, though, and our men put up a desperate fight in the face of death. Almost the first shell that your ships fired disabled the 'Maria Teresa.' That shell entered my cabin and set that part of the ship on fire. The second shell entered the engine room, causing our main exhaust pipe to explode. I signalled down to the engine room that the cabin was on fire, to turn the fire hose on, but received no reply, and then it was we discovered that about

eighty men in the fire and engine rooms had been suddenly killed by being scalded to death. My aide said to me: 'Admiral, the ship is on fire, the engines are disabled. Shall we not, for humanity's sake, run the ship aground?' I told him 'Yes, to do it'; but we had not acted until about one-half of our gallant crew was sacrificed. I have heard a great deal of the American people," he continued; "but neither my Government nor myself had any comprehension of the kind of people the Americans were, as their treatment of my wounded and dying comrades after we surrendered has been the wonder of our lives."

I then asked him how he got off from his flagship. He said: "I am a heavy man, and not a very good swimmer, so I took off my uniform and sprang overboard in my underclothes; I was struggling for the shore, and the surf, being exceedingly rough, kept tumbling me about in such a manner as to completely exhaust me. I was about to give up, when I felt some one pushing me from behind, and I made better progress for the shore. Upon reaching the shore, I found it was my own son that had come to my rescue." This son was on board the "St. Louis" with him; and a fine specimen of manhood he was—splendid physique and an excellent scholar.

A day or so later I engaged the Admiral in conversation again, and we talked about our fight.

I found him a wonderfully clever gentleman to approach. No one would have ever taken him to be the Spanish Admiral. He looked more like a retired merchant as he walked up and down the decks of the "St. Louis" in the blue serge citizen's suit which one of the officers had given him. In speaking of the way his ships were destroyed, he said: "Chaplain, I have come to the conclusion that heroism and gallantry do not amount to much in modern warfare." I said: "How is that, Admiral?" He replied: "Simply because it is the instruments that are used against each other." I said: "Yes, Admiral; that is true; the instruments of war that the American nation used in the battle of July 3d were turned out from our public schools, they being young men who could read, write, and count, and it was the school training which they had had that made them so accurate with their range-finding." He said: "Well, yes; there is a great deal in that." I said: "Yes, Admiral, a great deal indeed, as I understand nearly all of your men could neither read nor write." He said: "Yes, that is, I am very sorry to say, a fact."

At last we were off the New England coast headed for Portsmouth, N. H., where we anchored at 1 P.M. on the eleventh, after a splendid run up the coast. Large sheds were in course of erection on the shore off the mouth of

the harbor, where the prisoners were to be kept. A strict quarantine was placed on the ship so far as communication with the city was concerned. The health officer, however, was willing that Dr. Du Bose and myself should go ashore, provided we would land on the Navy Yard side, so we were very soon ready to leave the ship.

Arriving at the Navy Yard, the doctor said: "I will get permission of the Commandant of the Yard to take our belongings out, Chaplain, and you go and get an expressman to take them to the station." I went through the gate in search of a livery stable, and engaged a man to take the doctor and myself, together with the doctor's trunks, down to the station. The man was getting ready when the doctor appeared and asked if I had engaged an express wagon. I said: "Yes, and a coach." He said: "Well, there is no need of a coach; the trolley cars pass the station." I said: "That is all right, but I notice they are running few and far between." As we had nearly an hour to catch our train, he was satisfied we could do it by taking the trolley to the ferry; then, going across on the ferry and taking a trolley on the other side to the station, we would reach there in time. This we did, and, arriving at the depot, found our baggage there; the train had come in and, before we knew it, had pulled out and was gone, leaving us behind. There was no other

train until the next morning, so our only alternative was to remain and put up at one of the hotels. Before the war, I had sent nearly all my belongings home, not knowing what might happen, and had kept only a few necessary clothes on board, and what few I did take from the ship when I left I simply put into a brown paper parcel. I was dressed in the only clerical suit I had kept out, which, by the way, was pretty well stained from the powder smoke; and I looked more like a minister in distress than a Chaplain of the Navy. The doctor wanted to make a call on his way leading to the hotel, so, agreeing to meet there a little later, we separated.

Going up to the "Buckingham," the leading hotel in the city, I asked the book-keeper if he had a room; he said: "Yes." Then he looked at me, sizing me up from head to foot, inquiring: "Have you a trunk, sir?" I said: "Yes, sir, here it is," and deposited my brown paper parcel on the desk. He stared at it, and then at me. Surmising he was after security, I said: "Shall I pay you in advance?" at the same time pulling out a roll of bills. He said: "No, that is not necessary," and turned the hotel register toward me to register. I signed as Chaplain Jones, U. S. Battleship "Texas." When he saw that, he almost jumped over the desk to take me by the hand, and was very profuse in his congratulations.

As this was Sunday, I was very anxious to attend divine service at one of the churches, so I asked the clerk if there was a Baptist church anywhere near. He said: "The church itself is quite a distance from here, but the minister's house is down the hill by the second corner—it is the third house from that corner on the right hand side." So down I went and rang the door bell, but received no reply. Going to the next house, I said: "Does the Baptist minister live next door?" The lady said: "He used to, but has left the city; they have no minister now." I said: "Do you know any of the Baptist people of the city you can direct me to?" She said: "Yes," and directed me to a house, a certain number on a certain street. So to that house I went and rang the door bell, but had forgotten to ask the lady this person's name. I realized my mistake after I rang the bell, so, when the door opened, I looked at the lady and said: "Excuse me, madam, but is this number so and so of such and such a street?" I knew it was, full well, but had to say something. She said: "Yes, sir, it is." And then I said: "A friend of yours, living in the next house to the Baptist minister, directed me to you." She said: "There is no Baptist minister in the city now; he has gone away." I said: "Yes, that is true; if there was a Baptist minister in town, I should not be here to interview you." So, looking at me

and my stained clerical clothes, she finally said: "Well, who are you, anyway?" I replied: "I am a Baptist minister in distress." Then, to continue the joke, said: "Do you think your people would treat me kindly, if I went around there to-night?" She said: "There is no doubt but what they will receive you all right, but they have had so many things to contribute to lately, they begin to feel the strain." I said: "If you will direct me to the church, I will go around there, anyway." These directions she furnished me.

Just as I was about to leave the house, a lady came down the stairs which led into the hall. Advancing toward me, extending her hand, she said: "Did I understand you to say you are a Baptist minister?" I said: "Yes, madam, you did." Then she said: "I am a Baptist missionary, and have just returned from China, where I have been trying to convert the heathen." I said: "I am glad to meet you; I am a Baptist minister, a Chaplain in the Navy; and have just returned from Santiago de Cuba from the battleship 'Texas,' on which ship I have been trying to lead the noble men of our Navy to the Lord Jesus Christ." The first lady spoke up and said: "Oh! wont you please come in?" I said: "No thank you, madam—you are looking now at me as Chaplain Jones; before when you looked at me, I stood in your sight as a simple minister of

the Gospel in distress; and your actions toward me certainly indicated I was not welcome in your home. The Bible says: 'If they will not receive you, shake the dust from off your feet,' so I guess I will shake," and left her standing there, feeling, I believe, mortally ashamed.

Upon returning to the hotel, I found the Rev. Dr. Gile, who was supplying the church each Sabbath, waiting to see me; he being exceedingly anxious to have me speak for his people that night. I told him I was not feeling very strong, but would do the best I could, as I should certainly enjoy the privilege of addressing a congregation in my own country. The time for service arrived and the minister, in a very unique way, introduced me to the congregation. There was an extraordinarily good gathering and, as I stood on the rostrum, he commenced to pick out certain gentlemen by pointing to them, saying, "Brother, you remember three weeks ago last Monday morning, you, and you, and you, had been appointed a committee to intercede with the Governor of this State to protect this, our coast, as we were expecting then at any moment to see the Spanish Squadron appear off the coast and bombard our city. We all sat in the car together and did not hesitate to express our great dread of an attack; but I have the pleasure of introducing to you this evening a gentleman who has just

returned from Santiago de Cuba, where he acted as Chaplain of the battleship 'Texas,' and he will tell you to-night just where that Squadron is." I had a fine time speaking to them, and was surprised, notwithstanding the fact that it was the Sabbath and that I was in a church, to find they lost their church decorum, and applauded me just as they would were I delivering a lecture to them. After the service, every man, woman and child in that great congregation came and shook my hand most heartily, and I had no idea until that very moment what it meant to go to war and return home. It is hard to part from those we love, but it certainly is a most blessed privilege to return home and receive the welcome.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF MY LIFE.

WE arrived at New York early on the morning of July 12th. As I left the Grand Central Station, I went across 42d Street to the corner of Park Avenue, where Dr. F. W. Shoonmaker, one of my sincerest friends, has his business. I had received a letter from him a few days before I left Santiago, referring to the "burial of the marines under fire." I answered this letter, telling him that I hoped we would be spared to meet again, and thanked him for the kindly sentiment expressed in his message to me. Approaching his store, I saw him standing outside, looking at his windows, which had been newly decorated. Going up behind him, I said: "Hello, young man! Allow me to take the hand of a good American," and extended my hand to him. Turning around, he was amazed to see me standing there, as he thought I was still down with Admiral Sampson's fleet. He was delighted to see me, however, and immediately invited me to accompany him to the Transportation Club. I said: "Not at present, thank you, I must go down town and try and find a ready-made suit of clothes

to fit me." He said: "Oh, no, you will come just as you are; I want to have the honor of exhibiting you to my friends in your war suit." Nothing else would do but that I must go with him over to the club just as I was. Arriving there, I found a number of prominent railroad men, who were very profuse in their congratulations.

After we had partaken of luncheon, I went over to the Naval Hospital and reported to Medical Director Wood, who was in charge. He took my orders, and, after he had endorsed them, handed them back, saying: "Chaplain, where is your family?" I replied: "They are at Bensonhurst, Doctor." This being only an hour's ride on the trolley cars from the hospital, he suggested that, instead of settling down there as a patient in a private ward that night, I should go home to those I loved. Naturally, this just suited me, and I was very soon on a car with the sign Bensonhurst on the front. Arriving at 86th Street and Twenty-second Avenue, I jumped off the car and proceeded to my home, the second house from the corner. Very quietly on tiptoe, I went up the steps and, with my thumb on the electric bell, commenced ringing it, intending to ring until they would open the door from the inside; then I was going to see the look of surprise as they beheld me standing there. I knew it would be a surprise, because the last letter I had received from my wife was writ-

ten over three weeks ago. It proved to be my surprise instead of theirs, as the door was not opened; so I began to make an examination. Everything seemed securely fastened. I could not imagine what it meant. Opening the shutter, I discovered, to my astonishment, that the house was empty!

What had become of my wife and two little children was a question I naturally asked myself. I made inquiry in the neighborhood, and received that afternoon, the thirty-fourth anniversary of my birthday, the disappointment of my life. I was expecting to spend a part of that day at least with them. I went back to the hospital feeling greatly cast down, as up to that time I had found no trace of those I loved. All I could find out from the people of Bensonhurst was that my family had gone somewhere in the mountains, but where, they did not know. I informed the Medical Director, and asked whether he would allow me to go over to New York and see my mother-in-law, who probably would be able to enlighten me as to where my wife had gone. The permission was granted, and I further requested to be excused from quarters the following morning. This request was also acceded to. So I went over to New York to call on my wife's mother, who was overjoyed at seeing me, as she also was of the opinion that I was still on board the "Texas."

My first question was: "What has become of my wife and babies?" I was informed that they were up at Lee, Mass. It was then 2 P.M., and I knew there was an express train going up to Pittsfield at 3 P.M., so, excusing myself, I hurried off to the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad station. My friend on the corner of 42d Street saw me, and inquired where I was going. I told him to Lee, Mass. "Well," he said, "I will get you up there"; and, going over to the general passenger agent of the road, he told him that I had just returned from Santiago, having been in the fight, and he wanted him to put me up to Lee and return free of expense. The pass was gladly granted. I telegraphed my wife that I would be up on the train reaching there at five o'clock that evening. This telegram was a great astonishment to her, as she had been writing me daily to Santiago de Cuba, and could not understand how I could be in New York, when that morning she had read in the newspaper the "Texas" was at Guantanamo.

As I alighted from the cars, I looked about the station, but saw no one there that I knew; when suddenly I heard little steps pattering along the platform toward me, and there came running my little boy, the little fellow who had asked in his little baby petition: "Dear, dear papa, please come back." Following him was his mother and the

MY FAMILY ONE YEAR AFTER THE WAR.

baby, and that meeting, that twelfth of July, as I received a birthday greeting from them, they having remembered it to be my birthday, made me feel it had paid me to go to war. The home coming is certainly worth the privations we have to suffer through separations. I remained with them the next day, and on the fourteenth returned to the hospital and found, after the surgeons had carefully examined me, there was nothing the matter with my lungs; in fact, it was hard for them to determine where the blood had come from. They suggested that the best thing for me to do was to take a rest somewhere in a quiet, healthy place, so I secured a week's leave to try the atmosphere of Lee. I found that it did me so much good that I applied to the Department for one month's leave of absence, which was granted. I had a lovely time there in the Berkshire Hills and recuperated in wonderful style.

On the fifteenth of August the unexpired portion of my leave was revoked and I was ordered to proceed immediately to Tompkinsville and report on board the U. S. S. "Texas," which had arrived from Santiago de Cuba. I reported on the sixteenth and went up with her to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and after she had received a thorough overhauling, we were ready for sea, and left the Navy Yard in time to welcome Admiral Sampson and his fleet off Tompkinsville, proceed-

ing with them up the North River as far as Grant's monument the day of the Naval Review. This was the grandest sight I had ever witnessed in New York harbor. All of our ships, still in their war-paint, steamed up the river in single file. The shores were black with people and the house-tops so thickly packed, one would have imagined, from the enormous weight, they would cave in. When we got further up the river, near One Hundredth Street, the crowd was denser yet. The banks of the river, both on the New York and New Jersey side, are very steep up there, and we could see nothing of the grass or anything else belonging to the embankments on either side of the river, for the people covered every spot. The shouting and cheering were deafening, and the blowing of the whistles almost made us go wild.

When we arrived off Grant's tomb, ship after ship fired the national salute of twenty-one guns. One of the officers said: "Well, we certainly struck New York on a lucky day." We said: "Why, how is that?" "Why," he said, "to get here on Grant's birthday." "Why," we said, "Grant's birthday was the twenty-seventh of April." And then he wanted to know why we were firing the salute, then. We informed him it was in honor of our own return, though we went alongside the resting place of one of our

greatest heroes to fire that salute. The Squadron began to steam slowly down the river, and as the "New York" turned, she, being ahead of us, went on the opposite side of the river to return to come to anchor. When she was off our beam, some one on our deck shouted: "Three cheers for Admiral Sampson!" And we cheered and cheered for that gallant officer who had commanded us in Cuban waters. After the water celebration, we were tendered a reception at the Union League at night, and each of us was treated just as though he was a hero. In fact, I believe we could have secured anything in New York we wanted simply for the asking.

The following Sunday I spoke in the Grand Opera House at 23d Street, and at night in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. Both of these buildings were packed to their roofs with people, the seating capacity of each house being about 7,000. Notwithstanding this was Sunday, the energetic minister who had invited me there to speak made each person pay in advance as he went in. A silver collection was thus taken at the doors, and in this way a large amount of money was received that day for the People's Church. I had a grand time telling the people the way we did it down in Cuba, and the way they clapped and cheered certainly showed they appreciated the work of the men behind the guns, if not the

lecture, as I was very emphatic in the statement that the men who had made that victory possible were the men behind the guns.

The following Sunday, I visited Camp Voorhees, at Sea Girt, N. J., as the guest of Governor Voorhees. Spoke there to the regiment then in camp, and sympathized with the men in their disappointment in being compelled to remain there all through the war, when they volunteered to go and fight in Cuba. At the same time, I impressed upon them the fact that their having gone there in obedience to their orders made of them just as good and heroic soldiers as the men who had been in the fight. Time after time, they would applaud the work done by the men, both of the Army and Navy, as I related it. We had a fine time on Little Round Top, as they called it, where this service was conducted.

The following Sunday, I was at Crescent Beach, Conn., and addressed a regiment of soldiers there, and found them very enthusiastic on the subject of our war. No matter where I went, whether of a week night or of a Sunday, I found the people thoroughly patriotic and very appreciative of the manner in which the men had conducted themselves on board our ship, as I spoke more of the work done by the "Texas" than that done by any other ship, knowing from experience what our dear old ship had done.

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISIT TO MY MOTHER.

AFTER the Naval Review, there were receptions of different character almost nightly for some time. We were banqueted and entertained in a most elaborate manner. I made several addresses in different cities of the country, and wherever I spoke of "Our War with Spain," I was always greeted with an enthusiastic and large audience.

On September 19th, I was detached from the "Texas" and ordered to proceed to my home, which was at Arlington, N. J., that being my official residence. As I left the "Texas," the twenty-first of that month, I felt very sad when going over the side of the ship to think my sweet connections with the dear old "Texas" were severed. I have often looked back to the days spent on board of her, and shall always think kindly of her and ever remember and admire her gallant officers and men; in fact, there will never be another "Texas" for me; I may be ordered to every ship in the Navy, but none of them will take the place of that ship in my affection. Men

of the sea differ from men on land. A sailor always loves, and will stand by, his first ship, because she is his first love; but I have noticed in mingling with men on shore that the majority of them who have secured their second wives think a great deal more of the second than they did of the first.

On the twenty-second, I received orders from Washington, granting me two months' leave of absence, with permission to leave the United States, and, on the twenty-fourth, took passage on the "Teutonic," of the White Star Line, for Liverpool, to visit my mother, whom I had not seen since the winter of 1883. We had a most delightful passage over, and I met some very charming people on board the ship, who, like myself, were visiting the old country after having been absent for several years. We arrived at Liverpool the following Wednesday noon, when I found I would have to remain in that city until eleven o'clock that night, so I telegraphed my mother at Swansea that I would be at home the next morning at 6:30 o'clock, arriving at the High Street Station.

The day we reached Liverpool was a typical English day, foggy, damp, and such a day as would be most likely to make one feel homesick. As I walked up the street, I passed a hotel flying the flag of our country, the Stars and Stripes. I

knew it was only done to catch the traveller coming from America. I did not go there, but passed on until I came to the Royal Hotel, which was kept by the railroad company. After supper that night, I felt that I would like to visit a church, so called a hansom and told the driver to drive me around the city until he found a church lighted up, preferably a Baptist church, if he knew where there was one. We drove for some time, when he announced that the Temple, a Baptist church, was open. Stepping out, I gave him his fare, which was half a crown, and went into the church, which was, I found, pastorless, the former pastor, the Rev. Dr. Jones, having gone into Wales to occupy a pulpit there.

I was met at the door by one of the deacons, and, as I had on a clerical suit, he mistook me for one of the speakers of the evening. (The meeting that night was to be devoted to missionary interests.) As he spoke to me, he invited me into the vestry, I said: "No, thank you; I prefer just sitting here by the door, as I simply came to listen to the Gospel and do not care to meet any one." He insisted, so I accompanied him to the vestry, where a number of ministers were seated. I was introduced to them, and later the secretary of the church came in and I was introduced to him as Chaplain Jones of the United States Navy. He extended his hand, but looked

at me rather suspiciously, then, addressing one of the ministers, said: "Before we go into the church, let us have a word of prayer; I would like you to lead us," but, in a low tone of voice, "don't you ask this Chaplain, because there is no telling who he may be." We knelt down, and when I arose I went over to the secretary and said: "Having overheard your remarks, did I understand you to insinuate, sir, that I am not a Chaplain of the United States Navy?" He said: "I have not seen your credentials, and do not propose to be imposed upon." I said: "Well, sir, there is no necessity of my showing you my credentials; I simply came here to-night after having been away from this country so many years, and this being the country where I was born, I sought out a Baptist church, that being my church. I came here to render thanks to God for permitting me to meet with a congregation once more in this country." "Well," he said, "that is all right; but you cannot blame me for not inviting you into the pulpit." I said: "Don't mention inviting me into the pulpit: for I have not intimated to you that I wished or would accept any such invitation." He said: "I hope, then, you will take a seat in the congregation." I asked: "Who will deliver the first address?" He said: "I shall." Then I answered: "My dear sir, I would rather sit down and listen

to a gin-mill keeper deliver a lecture on the virtue of temperance than sit here and listen to a man like you talking about the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I shall, therefore, beg to be excused, as I consider this treatment I have received from you one of the greatest insults that a Christian brother, or at least one professing to be a Christian, could heap upon the head of his brother man, and if this is the country where I was born, I thank God to-night that I am no longer an Englishman, but an American, as America is a place where they raise gentlemen, and men who understand their Christian manners." After saying this, I left the church, as I knew the service would do me no good after receiving such a reception. About ten o'clock, two of the ministers entered the hotel, and, seeing me in the office, recognized me and came over and apologized for the treatment I had received from the secretary of the Temple Church, and said how sorry they felt that they should appear as though they were party to the treatment I received from one who, of course, was the head of the church, as the secretary took the head when the pastor left the church. I, of course, told them I knew they had nothing to do with it.

At eleven o'clock I boarded the train, and found there were no sleepers on the London express bound for South Wales, so had to be satis-

fied with a pillow and a rug and one side of a second-class carriage, as they are called in that country. The next morning I was awakened by hearing a man shouting out: "St. Helen's Road." I knew then that I was at Swansea, and the next stop would be the main station, but was surprised that I was at St. Helen's Road, as I expected the train was going up to High Street Station, the ticket agent at Liverpool having informed me that that was where I would arrive. I knew if my mother was able she would meet me at the station, and I was wondering whether she had discovered the mistake, or if she had gone up to the High Street Station, which was at the other end of the city. While I was considering the probabilities, a gentleman of fine appearance, rushing by the compartment of the carriage, saw me sitting near the door, paused a moment, and then said: "Excuse me, but is this the Rev. Harry Jones?" I recognized him immediately by his voice, so I said: "It is, sir. What have you done with your moustache?" as when I left that country, so many years ago, he was decorated with a most luxuriant one. He was also very much stouter than when I last saw him. Taking me by the hand, he said: "Well, Chaplain Jones, I am delighted to see you." I said: "Excuse me, sir; but don't call me Chaplain Jones; I am still the same Harry you knew when I was your scholar."

I was addressing Professor John Williams, my old school-master of days gone by.

In a few moments we were at the London and North-Western Railroad Station, where we got out, and engaged a coach to drive us over to my mother's residence. After my luggage had been put on the conveyance, I got in, and Mr. Williams was in the act of following me when a porter came up and said: "Excuse me, sir, but were you expecting any one?" I said: "I don't know. Why do you ask me?" "Well," he said, "an elderly lady was looking for some one just now." I said: "I guess that must have been my mother." He said: "Yes, it must have been, for she told me to look out for her boy and tell him to wait until she returned, as she had gone up to the High Street Station; but," he said, "when she asked me to look out for her boy, it caused me to keep looking about here for a youngster—I was not expecting to find a man."

Telling the driver to wait, Mr. Williams and I walked out to the street; it looked very familiar to me, and yet many changes had been made during my absence. We were strolling along, talking over old times, when suddenly I saw a short, thick-set lady walking down the street. "Excuse me, Mr. Williams," I said, "but there is my mother coming." He said: "No, it is not; you are mistaken." "I know I am not," I answered.

"I can never forget my mother's walk; I will go up and meet her." I walked up the side of the street she was coming down, having told the professor to remain behind, as I was anxious to see whether the dear old lady would recognize me. She stared at me, and I looked right at her as we passed by. Just as she passed me, I turned and said: "Well, that is a nice way to treat a fellow after he has been away all these years!" She turned about as though she had been struck by electricity, and, with outstretched arms, she said: "Harry, is it possible that you are my boy?" I said: "Yes, mother, I am a possibility"—and, at the same time, picked the dear old soul up in my arms and fondled her to my bosom. The tears rolled down her cheeks, not from sorrow, but for joy that her only boy had returned home and the prayer that she had so often offered to her Heavenly Father had been answered, and she was granted the privilege that morning of meeting that boy again.

We went back to the station, got into the coach and drove out home, where I found a most inviting breakfast spread for me. I sat down and partook of a good meal, as I was very hungry, then began to go through the house—my old home. Every room I entered, I became sadder and sadder, until at last I broke down, and said: "Mother, I cannot stay here; I shall have to go

away." She said: "Why, Harry, my son, what do you mean?" I said: "Well mother, father has been dead these past three years. When the news came to me in America telling me of his death, I could scarcely realize what it meant, but now, when I am here, and do not meet him nor hear his voice welcoming me back to the home I love, knowing how proud he would have been of his only boy this morning, it is too much for me—my heart will burst, if I stay in this house."

So, after breakfast, I walked about the city and called on several old acquaintances, the first being an old friend of ours, Mr. Steven Jones, who formerly was our next-door neighbor. When I was a boy at home he had a son about my age, by the name of Fred. This boy decided one day to run away from home, and was never heard of afterward. When I rang the door bell, the housekeeper opened the door. I inquired: "Is Mr. Jones at home?" She said: "Yes, sir," and immediately disappeared. Mr. Jones came to the door, his eyes staring so that they fairly glared as he looked at me in amazement, and then he said: "No, it is not; but it is Harry, my old friend's son. The woman told me," he continued, "that it was Fred, my boy. I would love for it to have been so, but the next pleasure to that is the pleasure of seeing you, my lad, because I know how fond your father was of you, and how proud he

would have been to see the boy who went away so many years ago, now returned, still his son, but instead of the boy he was, now a man." We had a splendid chat that morning, and everywhere I went, people spoke to me in most glowing terms of that father I would only meet by passing through the vail to the other shore.

I found many faces at Swansea that were familiar; and many people who remembered me. The first night I was at home, I stole into the Baptist church where I had formerly been a member, to attend prayer-meeting, unseen by any one inside, and when the meeting was thrown open for prayer, I lifted my voice in earnest thankfulness to Almighty God for permitting me to meet with the old church family in the church that I so dearly loved. Some of the members recognized my voice, and, when I said "Amen," came rushing over and gathered around me, and sweet indeed was the reunion that night, and I believe each one of us present was drawn closer to our Father than we had been for some time.

This return to my home was sweet beyond description. My dear old mother would get a coach and drive me around to the old friends that knew me when I was a school-boy in that city, and wherever she would go, she would have the same introduction: "This is my boy, Harry; he has been to war, and the boy was so brave, even if

he is my son." And then the old lady would look at me with delight beaming from those motherly eyes, rejoiced at the opportunity of presenting me to the friends she thought so much of.

One of the places I visited that day was a large store, the proprietor of which was Mr. David Richards. I knew him as soon as I saw him, and, going up to him, said: "Good-morning, Mr. Richards." He said: "Good-morning, sir; but you have the advantage of me." I said: "Yes, perhaps I have; but can't you think who I am?" He said: "No, I cannot." Then I said: "I was at one time a clerk in your store; I am Harry Jones." "Why, yes," he said, "I recognize you now." Then, looking at my clerical suit: "But is it possible that you are a minister?" I said: "Yes, sir, I am a minister and a Chaplain in the United States Navy." He was most delighted to see me. We took dinner together, and then went for a beautiful drive out to the Mumbles, which is a peninsula running from Swansea out into the sea about twelve miles, a most beautiful place to visit at certain months of the year. It was grand down there the day we went; but everywhere we drove, every lane we entered, and every gate we drove through brought back recollections of the time when my dear father and I so often roved around that part of the country. My mother at last decided to go with me to my sisters', at Coal-

ville, Leicestershire, but before leaving Swansea, it was arranged that I should give a lecture at the Albert Hall on "Our War with Spain."

The mayor of the city introduced me at the hall, which was well filled. I advanced to the front of the stage, and, looking into the faces of so many people I knew, said: "Ladies and gentlemen: I am proud of the honor of standing here to-night —not because I am an old resident of this city, nor because I am an Englishman, as I am not; for I am proud to state I stand here to-night as an American, and I do not simply stand here as an American, but as a Chaplain in the United States Navy. As I stand here before you, I present a living testimony of that land of the free—a country where any man who has a will can succeed; a country where determination and grit will help our young men accomplish their purpose, and a country to which I went in 1883 a stranger, not knowing a soul in the land, and which received me and adopted me, and has permitted me to return to this my home country, occupying the most exalted position that it is possible for a minister of the Gospel to occupy, as I really believe it is a far greater honor to be selected by my country as a Chaplain in the Navy than to be appointed a Bishop. I am also proud of the honor to stand here as a representative of the American Navy, and prouder still to be connected with a Navy

that there is not a navy afloat can whip." This was too much for an old gray-headed gentleman, sitting on one of the front seats. He jumped up, shaking his hoary locks, and, pointing his finger at me said: "But what about England?" I said: "England is not in it." He looked surprised, but before he had a chance to say anything more to me, I continued: "For the simple reason that England, in our late controversy, has exhibited her love for her children of the Western Hemisphere and invited nations in such a manner to keep hands off that we realize o-day England is our friend. Hers is the only Navy afloat that it is possible to whip the American Navy with, and it is absolutely impossible for either America or England to declare war against each other." At the close of this lecture, my friends rallied around me, and all expressed their surprise that I could return to England and give such a glowing discourse as that which they had listened to that night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

AFTER the lecture at Swansea, I received very many complimentary congratulations from the many friends of my old home. About two o'clock the following afternoon, I left Swansea for Coalville, Leicestershire, with my mother and afflicted sister, who is the eldest of our family. Going through the country on the cars, I saw many marked improvements since I was last there, but could not help remarking the difference between America and England: America was all hustle and bustle, everything business; England, on the other hand, seemed the old, slow, easy-go-lucky place it was when I left for America. I became thoroughly homesick for the "land of the free," and everywhere I went, meeting new faces and seeing new surroundings, only tended to make me all the more long for my American home. I was never so homesick in my life as I was when over there. My mother thought I was very ungrateful, but then she excused me, knowing that in America I had a wife and two little children. Arriving at Coalville, I

found the members of our family waiting to welcome me at the station. One of them was very nice to me all the time that I was with them, and was very particular to show me every place of importance on their own property. One piece of ground was pointed out as a site for my mother's new home. I failed to see why she wanted to erect a home in that place, and especially at her time of life, but he was very persistent, and enlarged on the comfort it would be for my mother to be near them, especially as she had my poor sick sister with her. The more I thought it over, the more I was convinced that something was wrong, and was not slow in telling him just what I thought. He was supposed to be a Christian man, and my mother naturally had implicit confidence in him, she being a widow; but such a tangle of real estate that he was trying to ensnarl her in was something beyond comprehension. One could not realize that such rascality could exist in the bosom of any man. I told my mother of my fears and doubts, but she felt that I was mistaken and, for a time, I allowed her to retain her opinion. I remained with his family about a week, when I went to my youngest sister's home to be entertained there. I found them of the same opinion I was regarding this smooth-tongued relative of ours, but they, like myself, had been unable to open the eyes of my mother, who was

going blindfolded into his scheme, having listened to all his smooth talk, and was on the point of launching out into this new enterprise.

The day after I reached this sister's home, the Baptist minister called upon me and invited me to occupy his pulpit the following Sunday evening, which I did. The church was well filled, and I had a very attentive audience as I preached to the people upon "The Promises of God." My sister and this brother-in-law were very ready to congratulate me as soon as I joined them after the service. I had a joyous time telling the people the same old story and preaching to them the same old Gospel, so full of love and interest, that we have in America.

The following Wednesday, my mother proposed that we should go to her summer home at Budleigh Salterton, Devonshire; and, as I had to preach the following Sunday at Swansea, I went there, agreeing to meet her at her Devonshire home the next week.

Going to Swansea, I was entertained by David Jenkins, Esq., a very wealthy gentleman who had a beautiful residence. The picture of myself on the next page was taken in his greenhouse. His was a most charming family, and they did all they could to make me comfortable. I preached for the Rev. Dr. Williams, of the Memorial Baptist Church of that city, and found many of my old

friends out to hear me, among them being my old school-master, Professor Williams. He met me in the vestry and said: "I used to enforce my arguments upon you, young man, with a rod. You will not be able to do that this evening, however." I said, jokingly: "You just wait, sir!" My theme was "The Character of Christ's Children." After I was through, I was met by the Professor, who said: "Why, Chaplain, I thought I said you would not be able to thrash me this evening; but say," he continued, "I never had such a tongue whipping in my life." The next night I lectured to a large audience in the same church on "The Life of a Chaplain in the American Navy." The day after I left for Budleigh Salterton, where I found my mother had as sweet a place as one could wish for, right on the English Channel. The town itself was a very fascinating place, quaint and old-fashioned, like many of the ancient places of England. I enjoyed myself immensely going around with my mother, meeting her many friends; and while I was there I had an opportunity of talking to my mother of our relative without interruption, and was successful in opening her eyes against a man she had put her entire trust in, and I believe she saw him then as one who was willing and waiting to rob her of her all.

I preached the following Sunday evening in the Baptist church, and my mother was in the con-

IN THE CONSERVATORY OF DAVID JENKINS, ESQ.,
SWANSEA, SOUTH WALES.

gregation. It was a happy day for me. I can see the dear old lady sitting there now as she was that evening, taking in every word that I uttered, as the tears trickled down her cheeks, to the end of my discourse. As I left the church, she was waiting for me at the door, when she said: "Harry, my boy, I am so happy to-night; my prayers are answered, and I have at last had the pleasure of listening to my own boy preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; but," she said, "I had no idea, lad, you were such a preacher." I laughed heartily and said: "Well, mother, I am glad it suited you."

From there we returned to Coalville, where I remained until the middle of November, when I took passage on the steamship "Umbria," leaving Liverpool bound for my own land. We had a very delightful passage over. There were many real good people on board the ship, and we formed quite an acquaintance. Many were, like myself, returning from England after having been away for many years from that land and had just made a flying visit over there, such as mine had been. We were all of one opinion—that there was no place on the face of the earth like America, and all were delighted to be returning to that country.

I delivered a lecture for the benefit of the orphans and widows of the Seaman's Aid Society

on board about midway over, and a goodly sum was raised for that noble object.

On reaching Sandy Hook, the pilot boat came alongside, and one of the pilots shouted out that "Teddy" Roosevelt had been elected Governor of New York State. There were quite a number of his admirers on board, and we gave vent to our feelings by giving three rousing cheers for "Teddy."

On reaching the dock, we found our friends and loved ones waiting to welcome us back, and sweet indeed was our home-coming to us as we disembarked from the steamship "Umbria" and planted our feet on the *terra firma* of America. We all felt like singing "Home, sweet home," and never until that visit to England did I know how to appreciate the grandest country the sun ever shone on; but well indeed did I learn that lesson then.

The next day Mrs. Jones and I took a drive in New York. As we drove through 83d Street, a little girl ran after us, and asked if I was Mr. Jones. I told her I was. She said: "Then my mamma would like to see you. She is back there on the doorstep." Driving back, to our surprise, there stood Mrs. R—— whom I had married to Frank R—— at Stepney. Her husband was doing well. They had another child, a boy, and their home was bright and happy. How thankful I was that I married them.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPLAIN OF THE "CHICAGO."

ON December 9th, 1898, I received orders from the Secretary of the Navy to report to the Commandant of the Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., on the twelfth instant, for duty on board the U. S. S. "Chicago." I reported, in obedience to my orders, and found her Commanding Officer, Captain Cooper, a very charming gentleman, who was always most willing to help me in everything I undertook for the spiritual upbuilding of the men. We were at the Navy Yard until the first week in February of 1899, when we were ordered to New Orleans to participate in the Mardi Gras celebration. Leaving the Navy Yard on February 9th, we steamed down the river, and such a reception did the old "Chicago" get as she passed the various crafts on the water. She had been at the Navy Yard several years, where she had been laid up since she had returned with Admiral Walker from the European Station, when she was the flagship of the original "White Squadron." We were due at New Orleans on the fourteenth, but encountered

very trying weather all the way down, more especially so as we entered the Gulf. It was so bad there we had to reduce our speed two-thirds one day, which caused us to be a day late in arriving at New Orleans. A part of the exercises was postponed until the fifteenth, instead of the fourteenth, on our account. We acted as flagship. There were three or four foreign ships present, together with the U. S. S. "Detroit." Our men were landed for the day parade, and at night all the officers went to the Boston Club to view the Mardi Gras procession. It was a magnificent sight, but as the thermometer was down around freezing point, we pitied the people participating, who were dressed apparently in nothing but tights.

We remained in New Orleans a week, when we were ordered to Havana to join Admiral Sampson and become a part of the North Atlantic Squadron. We arrived there the last week in February, and the first week in March the ship was ordered to Fort Monroe. We left on a Wednesday night and arrived at Fort Monroe at 10 A.M. the following Sunday morning. We had no sooner dropped anchor than we received orders to proceed immediately to Havana to convoy the transport "Meade," with $3,000,000 intended for the Cuban Army.

We left the next morning at nine o'clock and

arrived at Havana the following Thursday afternoon. The Cuban army was to come into the city the following Saturday to be paid off, and I shall never forget the appearance of those men as they came marching into the city. They were headed by Garcia, and the city was gaily decorated in honor of them. They marched to the City Hall, where a reception was tendered to their chief. It was a very impressive sight to see those worn veterans returning from their hazardous duties on the field. We found many improvements in the city of Havana. The streets were perfectly clean, and the city could boast of a fine police force. We saw them turn out for their first street parade, and a very creditable showing they made. I drove around a great deal. Going over to the fort, we saw the various dens of horror where such barbarous treatment had been practised by the Spanish officials. The dead line was still there. This was a long black stripe painted along the white walls where a man would stand, which line would show the marksmen where to aim for the heart.

We drove out to the Christobal Colon Cemetery. Some beautiful monuments had been erected there, one of the finest to the memory of the firemen who lost their lives in the destructive fire of Havana; another, a most magnificent piece of work, which had been put up in memory of the

young students who had been shot as spies. These young men were caught with their books in the fields one day, and were arrested and taken before a drum-head court martial and immediately shot, by order of Blanco, a most cowardly and dastardly act, as everyone said they were innocent of the charge. Over in one corner of the cemetery was a large enclosure, forty feet square and a hundred feet deep, called the "Bone-heap." People could not buy a grave in any Spanish city, they simply leased it by the year. If the lease was not renewed promptly, the remains were taken out of the grave, which was of brick, built up to the surface. Should there be any flesh still remaining, the body was placed in quick lime and burned, and then the bones were piled up in an ox cart and dumped on this heap. It was estimated that 100,000 skeletons had been thrown in there. The day I looked inside of this enclosure, it was a most grewsome sight; there were skeletons all dislocated. Standing on top of the heap of bones, and right in the middle of them, were a number of women weeping. Somewhere in amongst those bones were the bones of their loved ones. Oh, how cruel and un-Christian was such conduct!

In another part of the cemetery was a large square plot with a black cross bearing the words: "To the memory of the men who lost their lives on the U. S. S. 'Maine,' which was blown up in

the harbor of Havana on the night of February 15th, 1898."

We were ordered out of Havana to proceed to Kingston, Jamaica, to overtake the trans-Atlantic liner, "City of Paris," which ship had a tourist party on board surveying the battlefields and the waters of the naval victories at Santiago and Porto Rico. Ex-Senator Sherman was among the passengers, and had been taken seriously ill, so ill that his life was despaired of. The President immediately dispatched the U. S. S. "Chicago" to convey Mr. Sherman to a Northern port, as the "Paris" had at least two weeks more cruising before she would arrive at Fort Monroe, and it was feared he would die before reaching there. Just as we were off Kingston, we saw the "Paris" coming out. We hailed her and she hove to, and our Captain shouted out: "Is Mr. Sherman on board?" The reply came: "He is." Then said Captain Cooper: "The President has sent the U. S. S. 'Chicago' to be placed at his disposal, and we will convey him to any port he may designate, if he desires to be transferred to this ship." In a few moments a strong voice shouted back: "Mr. Sherman will accept, and greatly appreciates this kindness of the President." The hundreds of passengers cheered and cheered when they heard the announcement, and shouted out: "What is the matter with Uncle Sam?" "He's all right!"

they replied; and then they gave our men three cheers, and our men returned them with interest.

We were to transfer Mr. Sherman at Guantanamo Bay the next morning, but when reaching there found we had to take on more coal, so our Captain decided not to transfer him until the ship should reach Santiago. We commenced coaling ship. In the afternoon I went over to the old battlefield at Camp McCalla. I stood by the side of the graves of our marines, and there and then gave thanks to God for sparing my life, as I buried them during the action of June 12th, 1898. As I was standing there a number of the crew had been landed on the hill where the enemy had attacked us. They had gone over for target practice and shot right across to the opposite hill, the bullets going directly over me. I was greatly startled when I suddenly heard a bang, and then ciz-ciz-ciz—as the bullet flew. It was very natural for me to duck my head, as we call it—it certainly seemed very real indeed.

Later on in the day we received word that Mr. Sherman had died on board the "City of Paris" at Santiago. The Captain made for Santiago, however, and as we entered the port, the third Thursday of March, we found the flags at the entrance of the harbor and on several of the city buildings flying at half-mast out of respect to ex-Senator Sherman. One can scarcely imagine our

surprise, therefore, when we learned, in speaking to the "Paris," that Mr. Sherman was feeling much better. He was transferred to our ship, and we left immediately for Fort Monroe, where he was placed on board a Washington boat and taken to his home in that city. He was firmly of the opinion that the act of the President of the United States in sending the ship for him had saved his life. We were all of the same opinion, as he was certainly a very sick man when we took him on board our ship. We were ordered to New York the last week of April, to become the flagship of the South Atlantic Squadron.

I was detached from the ship on April 8th, 1899, and ordered to proceed to Newport, R. I., and report to the Commanding Officer of the U. S. training ship at that place for duty on board the U. S. training ship "Constellation." I reported to Captain McGowan, the Commandant, and found that, besides six officers, there were three hundred and ninety-one boys at the station. A week or so later, we were reinforced with a new draft of boys from Chicago and different cities of the West, making a total of over five hundred boys. I found these lads fine boys to work with, and had most pleasant duty there with them. I lectured to them every Monday and Friday night, showing stereopticon views to impress upon them what I said. After I had been

there about two months, I received an appropriation for an Edison kinetoscope outfit, so went to New York and purchased it. The boys were photographed at the various drills, and then we would reproduce them on the screen. We found this a very beneficial method of increasing the efficiency of the boys at drill, because the least defect would be brought out on the canvas. After a most pleasant stay with them, toward the end of November I began to lose my health, and on the first day of December, the Secretary of the Navy, after having had me examined by a Board of Medical Officers, issued orders detaching me and granting me two months' sick leave. I was detached on December 5th. The night before this was our regular entertainment night. I showed the boys the kinetoscope pictures for the last time that night, and at the close of the meeting, to my surprise, A. B. Kimball, Apprentice First Class, sprang up alongside of me and commenced reading the following set of resolutions:

NEWPORT, R. I., *March 4th, 1899.*

TO THE REV. HARRY W. JONES, D.D., CHAPLAIN,
U. S. TRAINING STATION:

Dearest Friend:

A week ago last Saturday the whole nation was called upon to mourn the loss of its Vice-President, the Hon. G. A. Hobart; but, exclusive of his

immediate friends and relatives, the people of his country did not, nay, could not, feel the loss of their representative as the boys of this station feel the loss of their true friend, the Chaplain. Having learned that our Chaplain is about to leave us, we, the apprentice boys of the U. S. Training Station, wish to express our hearty appreciation for the way in which he has endeavored to help us in our life at this station. He has zealously endeavored to maintain among us the principles of Christian manhood. His sermons have always been the pure, simple, Gospel truth, such as we all needed, and could put into practice in our everyday life; ever holding up to us Jesus as our Model, and unceasingly reminding us of home and loved ones and endeavoring to lead us in the right way. He has always proved himself a friend, ever ready to help us in our troubles, ever ready to make our burdens light. Who are we to thank for our many entertainments, so interesting and so instructive? Who but our Chaplain, who has interceded with our Commandant in our behalf? Wherever our beloved Chaplain may go, he takes with him the best wishes and love of every boy of this station, and as long as the sun shines on this old earth he may feel that he has a devoted friend in each and every one of us. It is our earnest prayer that we may have the good fortune to meet again, and, if God wills it, be assigned to a

ship of which he is the Chaplain. But if we should never see one another again, may we meet in Heaven. Our prayers will ever go with him, and we trust that God will grant him a long and peaceful future. These are the sentiments and prayers of five hundred grateful apprentices.

I was thoroughly overcome by these remarks. I tried to make a speech to the boys at the close of them, but was utterly unable to control my emotion, and was able only to say: "My boys, I thank you." Many of the officers congratulated me at receiving such a testimonial from the apprentices of the Navy. I shall ever prize it, and look back to the days spent with them with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure.

I left Newport on the thirteenth day of the month, together with my wife and two children, for Orlando, Fla., where I am glad to say I regained my health through the balmy breezes of that beautiful Southern state.

And here I will bring "The Experiences of a Chaplain Ashore and Afloat" to a close, trusting that the simple manner in which I have tried to express myself will cause some people to see some of the pleasures of the minister's life afloat, and to sympathize with him, as they also will be compelled to see that his life is filled oftentimes with sorrows and hardships.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

JAN 2 0 1951

FEB 1 4 1989
REC'D LRL
MAR 0 9 1989

Form L9—15m–10,'48(B1039)444

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

3 1158 01289 6535

E727
J71c

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 001 133 558 5